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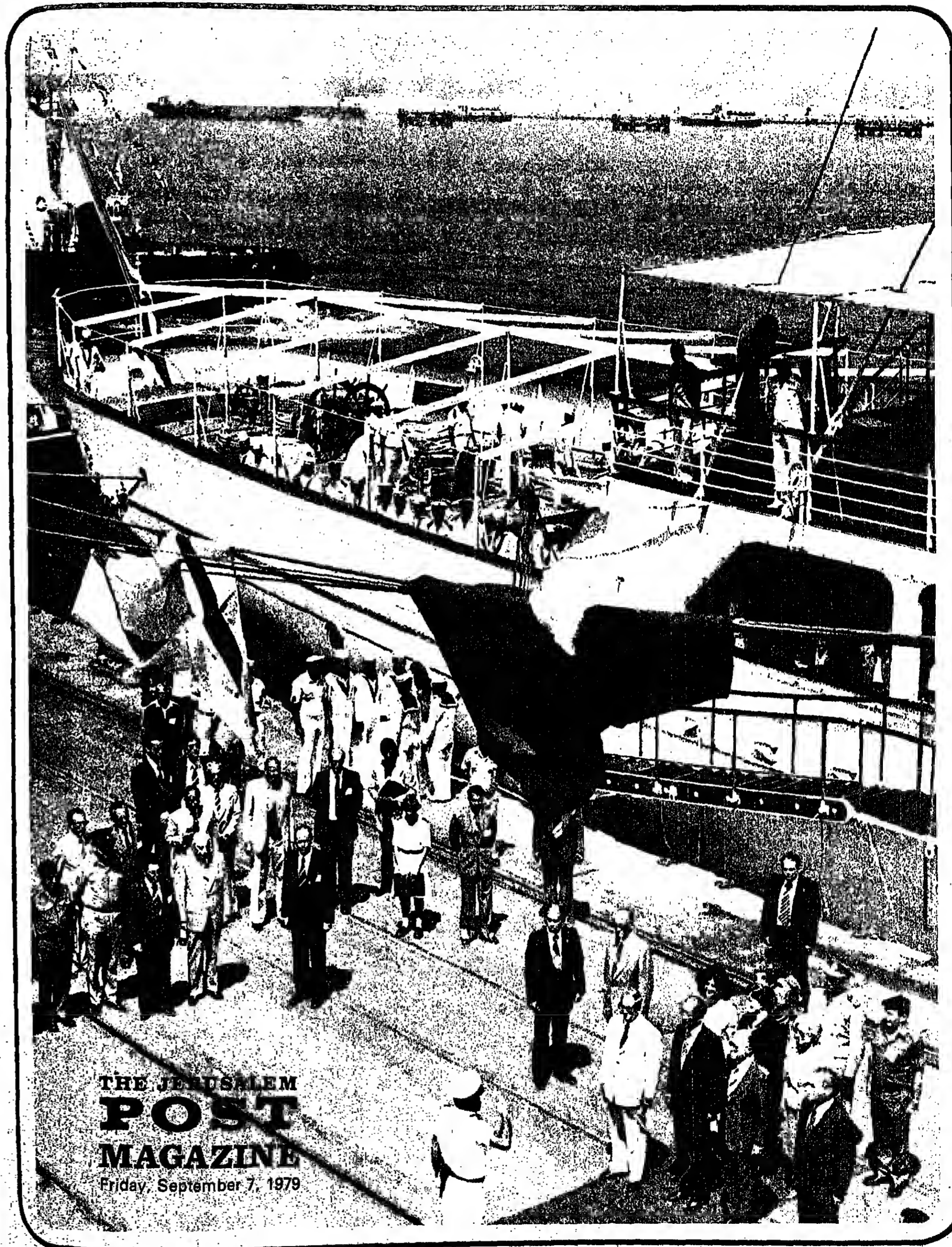
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THE JERUSALEM  
**POST**  
MAGAZINE

Friday, September 7, 1979

# עוד חודש של מגדל בinyan

החודש מגדל בinyan יתחיל את דרכו ביום ראשון, 17 בספטמבר. בחודש זה יתפרסמו מאמרים על נושאים מגוונים, וכן תינתן דעה על נושאים חשובים. במסגרת זו יתפרסמו מאמרים על נושאים כגון: "מציאות עגומה", "אליהם", "העירייה בירושלים", "החברה הגרולה בישראל", "החברה הגרולה בישראל", "החברה הגרולה בישראל".

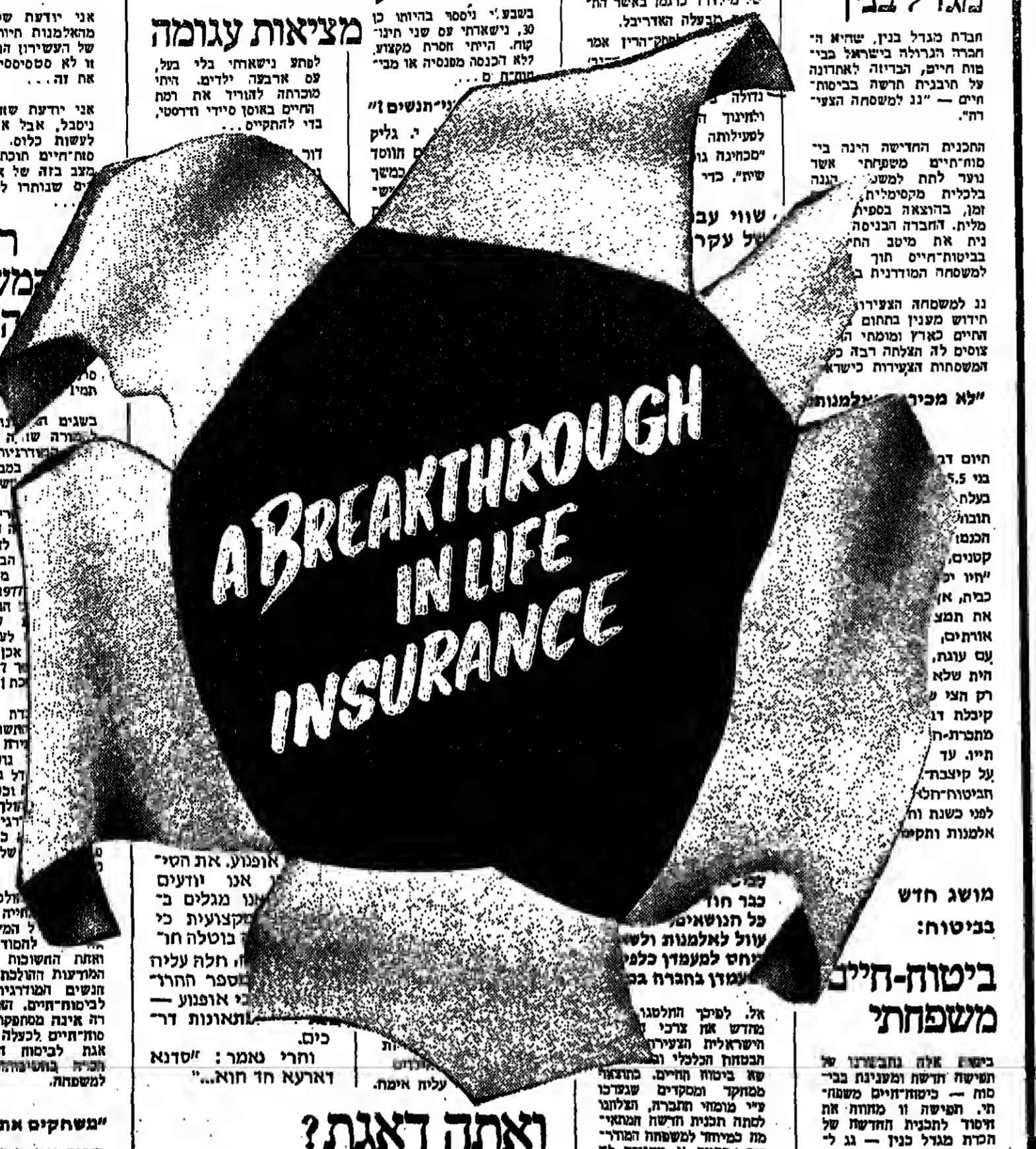
**אלמנות צעירות**  
 אלמנות צעירות יקבלו יחס מיוחד. הן יוכלנה ליהנות מכל הטובות שיש לנו להציע. הן יוכלנה ליהנות מכל הטובות שיש לנו להציע. הן יוכלנה ליהנות מכל הטובות שיש לנו להציע.

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**A NEW IDEA: FAMILY LIFE INSURANCE AN EXCLUSIVE INSURANCE PLAN FROM MIGDAL BINYAN**

**הגה למשפחה הצעירה**

**משיקים את הגבורה?**

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## עמוד קבוע

### ALYAH & ABSORPTION INFORMATION COLUMN

# קבוע

**תורה**

Successful absorption is a key to increased aliyah. The Ministry of Immigrant Absorption and the Jewish Agency are presenting this column as part of a series of articles designed to provide olim with information in various fields, practical advice, reports on changes in regulations, employment and housing opportunities, and stories of olim now absorbed. It is obvious that the column will not be aimed at the same reader each time. The column is written by a staff of freelance writers, most of them olim. The views they hold are their own. We are hoping that enough interest in this effort will be generated to encourage reader responses, which will allow us to tailor the content to demand. It is not our intention to receive and reply to specific complaints of olim, but we will select problems encountered as subjects for future articles. Readers can contact us by writing to the ENGLISH PUBLICATIONS DIVISION, Department of Information for Olim, P.O.B. 818, JERUSALEM.

## THE HEBREW CALENDAR

—Part I—

When you decided to come and settle in Israel, despite the many difficulties involved, you were no doubt searching for ways to strengthen your Jewish identity and to renew your contact with Judaism. Once in Israel, you feel that you have rediscovered your people and your country; you begin to gain a deeper understanding of your people's cultural heritage, and you come to appreciate the Jewish rhythm of life — the weeks with Shabbat as their focal point, and the year punctuated by the festivals with the familiar names. But how well do you really know this rhythm? No doubt you occasionally come across the Hebrew calendar: on the wall of the bank or the post office, or example, or in your personal diary, or maybe on a contract. Did you know that this constitutes one of Israel's official calendars, just as Hebrew is an official language? The purpose of this article is to familiarize you with both the general outline and the internal structure of the Hebrew calendar. The Jewish festivals will be discussed in a separate column.

**The Hebrew Calendar**  
 Unlike the Christian and the Muslim calendars, which both have an exact historic date as their starting-point, the Hebrew calendar is set into a far wider context. Like Judaism itself, the calendar may be seen on two levels — the individual and the universal. The Hebrew calendar begins from the creation of the world as related in the Bible, which is traditionally believed to have taken place on Rosh Hashana, the first day of the Jewish year. With the help of certain temporal indications which appear in the Bible (such as the age of a particular person at the time of the birth of his son, or at the moment of his death, or the duration of a specific event or reign), we are able to calculate the exact dates of the essential events in our history. Thus we know that Abraham the Patriarch was born in the year 1849 after the creation of the world, that the Exodus from Egypt took place in 2448, and that the First Temple was destroyed in 3338 and the Second in 3828. We are currently in the year 5739. You will frequently find this date written out in letters, since each Hebrew letter has a corresponding numerical value: the numerals 1-9 correspond to the letters *aleph* through *et*, the tens and multiples of ten to the letters *yud* through *tzadik*, and the hundreds run from *kaf* to *ret*. (The letter indicating the thousand is usually omitted since it is presumed to be generally known.) Thus the current year will be represented by the letters **הש"ת שפ"ט** which correspond to the figures 739. Next year, 5740, will be **ה'ש"ס**.

There is nothing mysterious or difficult about converting the Gregorian (secular) year to the Hebrew one. Since the first year of the Common Era falls in the Hebrew year 3760, one simply adds the figure 3760 to the Gregorian year in order to calculate the Hebrew year (1978 + 3760 = 5738). In order to calculate the Gregorian year from the Hebrew year, simply subtract 3760 from the Hebrew year (5739 - 3760 = 1979). When you want to obtain the corresponding Hebrew year for a date preceding the Common Era, you subtract that date from 3760 (e.g. the year 589 BCE, the date of the destruction of the Temple, is the Hebrew year 3174 [3760 - 586 = 3174]).

An alternative method is to add the figure 1240 to the Hebrew year (without the thousand in order to obtain the Gregorian year). Thus 739 + 1240 = 1979.

**The sun and the moon**  
 The Gregorian calendar is based on the solar year: one year (365 days) is the time required for the earth to rotate once around the sun. These 365 days are divided into 12 approximately equal months which are not related to the lunar cycle in any way. The Muslim calendar, however, is based on the lunar year: the length of each month is the time taken by the moon to return to the same point in its orbit, and 12 of these months constitute one year. Since the lunar year is shorter than the solar year, a certain amount of discrepancy is created, the more so because the same Islamic month may appear in different seasons according to the particular year.

The Hebrew calendar, however, attempts to allow for the movement of both the sun and the moon. The months are based on the lunar cycle, as in the Muslim calendar, but the year itself is based on the movement of the earth round the sun.

This naturally calls for periodic adjustments during the year. We shall now consider in greater detail the internal organization of the months within the year, and of the years themselves.

**The months**  
 While the days of the Hebrew calendar are regulated by the sun (the Hebrew day runs from sunset to sunset, and the night bears the date of the following day and not of the preceding one), the months are fixed according to the lunar cycle. The Hebrew month begins with the new moon and reaches its zenith at full moon (many festivals fell on the 14th of the month). The word *chodesh* itself is taken from the root *ch-d-sh* (new) which indicates a continual renewal. During the period of the Sanhedrin, the declaration (proclamation) of a new month was based on a statement made by at least two trustworthy witnesses who testified that they had seen the reappearance of the new moon. Nowadays the beginning of each month is calculated astronomically. Nevertheless the start of each new month (Rosh Chodesh) retains its sacred character, and is marked by special prayers and a certain festive atmosphere (one wears festive clothes and women refrain from heavy tasks such as laundry and ironing. It is also forbidden to fast on Rosh Hodesh).

The Sages have compared the entire people of Israel to the moon: just as the moon, which appeared to have vanished, reappears every month and begins to wax in the sky, thus the people of Israel should be aware, even during their darkest hours, that they will always rise again.

(L.B.)  
 This is the first of two articles on the Hebrew Calendar. The second part will appear on Erev Rosh Hashana.

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# Still Carter's counsel

Robert Lipshutz is leaving the White House to resume his Atlanta law practice. But he'll continue to provide the president with legal advice. He talks about Carter, and his Middle East policy, with Post Washington correspondent WOLF BLITZER.

AFTER SERVING for nearly three years as counsel to the president, Robert J. Lipshutz is leaving the White House to return to practice law in Atlanta. As part of the recent Cabinet and White House shuffle, Lipshutz is being replaced by Lloyd Cutler, a prominent Washington "Establishment" attorney with extensive government experience.

Lipshutz may be leaving the nation's capital and Carter's senior staff, but he won't be leaving Carter. The president will remain his client. Carter has asked him to serve initially as a trustee, together with another Atlanta lawyer, Charles Kirbo, in handling his personal and business affairs. Eventually, Lipshutz will phase out Kirbo completely.

The other day, Lipshutz was busy in his White House office collecting his papers and making final arrangements to return home, when he took time out to review his experience in Washington and his relationship with Jimmy Carter — a relationship that goes back to 1966 when Carter first ran, unsuccessfully, for governor of Georgia.

"I feel closer to the president today than ever before in my life," Lipshutz told me, sounding genuinely sincere. "I anticipate that our relationship will continue on an extremely close basis for the rest of our lives."

Given the nature of the relationship, that will probably turn out to be true.

Carter and Lipshutz, from the start, were always friends — not just political associates. There was also a strong sense of loyalty and trust between the two men. Most important, there was mutual respect.

At a B'nai B'rith dinner honoring Lipshutz on May 1, 1976, Carter said that Lipshutz was "a man who, in many ways, has changed my life." Carter, then running for the Democratic presidential nomination, called Lipshutz "the moral standard-bearer of my whole campaign."

IF THE two men were so close, why is Lipshutz leaving the White House? I put that question to Lipshutz.

"From a very personal point of view," he replied, "the idea of going back to Atlanta has been germinating in me and my wife for quite a long time. But I felt an absolute obligation to stay here with the president through the first term if that was in his best interest."

On the other hand, it has been obvious for a long time to me — and I have so stated — that we really did need more diversity on the White House staff, particularly geographic diversity, hopefully to strengthen the staff as an entity."

Lipshutz noted that this required some new faces, including someone like Lloyd Cutler who brings new skills and a different background to the job. Cutler will probably take a much higher public profile than Lipshutz and he will also do some congressional lobbying — one activity which Lipshutz avoided.



THERE IS A widespread impression that Lipshutz was asked to leave the White House because he was supposedly "ineffective." But as John Osborne, the respected White House correspondent for *The New Republic*, recently wrote: "The President manifestly disagrees with that appraisal of Lipshutz... the best indication of Carter's opinion of Lipshutz is that he could have a nomination to the U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals in the District of Columbia or to an expected vacancy on the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals in Atlanta if he wanted either one." But Lipshutz doesn't want to serve on the bench.

It is clear to me that the president still has a high regard for Lipshutz. On a few occasions, I have seen Lipshutz in action, behind the scenes, quietly influencing the president to take certain decisions. But Lipshutz is a Southern gentleman, genuinely modest. He did not take his case to the public, even though he was personally hurt by the criticisms.

It appears that Lipshutz largely the victim of some unfavorable press leaks early during the Carter Administration. There were a few people on the senior staff who believed that Lipshutz was not doing a good job, and they let their friends in the news media know about their feelings.

The word spread. Lipshutz, as is his style, didn't rebut the criticisms, fearful that such a fight could hurt the president.

To the end, Lipshutz remained totally loyal to the president and refused to accept my interpretation. "I don't think there is anybody out to get me," he said.

"I think that over-all I have a very wholesome relationship with practically everyone of the upper levels of the White House. I can't say that with 100 people around that there are not some people who are unfriendly... but I don't see any deliberate plots to get me."

Lipshutz and Domestic Affairs Adviser Stuart Eizenstadt were the key liaison figures with the American Jewish community. But Lipshutz phased himself out of that role after an unpleasant experience at the May 1976 annual dinner of the American Israel Public Affairs Committee (AIPAC). At the time, there was a bitter battle over F-15's to Saudi Arabia. Lipshutz defended the president after Senator Lowell Weicker (R-Conn.) had sharply criticized the proposed sale. Some people in the audience booed Lipshutz.

There was a similarly distasteful and personally painful incident a few days later when Lipshutz addressed a Soviet Jewry rally in New York. Some Jewish Defence League members heckled him, shouting "Judenrat!" and "Kapo."

Probably more than anything else, those two events led to Lipshutz's decision to phase himself out from the public liaison role he had earlier undertaken with the American Jewish Community. After political aide Mark Siegel resigned in protest over the F-15 sale, Edward Sanders, a past AIPAC president, was brought into the White House to assume those responsibilities. From then on Lipshutz felt more comfortable with his quiet, behind-the-scenes role.

The president wanted Lipshutz to remain active in Israeli and Jewish-related affairs, and Lipshutz continued to be involved. For example, he accompanied Carter to Israel last March to wrap up the final details of the peace treaty.

Most American Jews, however, remained unaware of his activities.

One of Lipshutz's closest friends in the American Jewish community is Leon Charney, the New York lawyer who represents several prominent Israelis, including Defense Minister Ezer Weizman.

"As a frequent visitor to the White House," Charney said to me, "I can tell you that he has done enormous things for the benefit of Israel and the Jewish people. History will reflect his positive deeds."

LIPSHUTZ, typically, did not want to discuss his activities in detail, probably because he feared that any excess exposure might harm his future effectiveness. But he was prepared to sum up his impressions of Carter's Middle East involvement.

Naturally, he was full of praise. "Historically, if not currently, the president will be perceived as having done a major job for everybody: Israel, Egypt, the other Arab states, the U.S. and the world," he said.

"It's been traumatic, and it will continue to be traumatic. But he's trying to do something that really should have been done before."

I asked Lipshutz why Carter has been criticized so frequently and vocally by Israeli supporters, even after the signing of the Israeli-Egyptian treaty. "Things are being done which, from time to time, run against the grain of deeply-felt emotions and convictions. That creates some anxieties

and doubts. But we have to continue."

Lipshutz cannot foresee Carter's dropping out of the race, no matter how low the president's popularity sinks in the polls. "I think that will simply make him more determined than ever to run," he said.

Lipshutz, however, will not take an official job in the campaign, although he will support Carter. He is confident that once the Republicans select their candidate and the public will have a chance to size up the two men, a majority of Americans "and a majority of the Jewish community" will vote for Carter.

And Lipshutz is convinced that second-term Jimmy Carter, with a new mandate from the American people, will be even more effective in making peace in the Middle East.

DURING these past few years, Lipshutz has had a unique vantage point from which to analyze the American-Israeli relationship. In response to my questions, he had some words of advice for Israel. "In general terms," he said, "we should all recognize that the U.S. consists of some 220 million people of whom, maybe, six million are Jewish. I think Israel might well benefit in reviewing its own history, in the earlier years when, I think, there was a greater recognition of that factor than during these later years."

Asked to elaborate, Lipshutz said: "I think that basically, deep down, most Americans of all persuasions support Israel. But we also need to recognize that some of that support, which existed in earlier years, was based on factors which are fading from the memory of current and future generations." He was referring to the Holocaust.

Lipshutz suggested that Israel intensify its efforts to reach out to all Americans and tell its story — not just to the American Jewish community. "Israel has a story to be told but I'm not sure it has told it," he said, "especially to Christian groups and Blacks."

Regarding the resignation of UN Ambassador Andrew Young, Lipshutz noted: "I have tremendous respect for Andy Young and I consider him to be a very good personal friend."

Lipshutz thinks it was a mistake for Israeli supporters to criticize Young simply because the outspoken envoy disagreed with Israel's views on the PLO. "I am convinced that as far as Israel is concerned, he's been a strong and consistent supporter and will continue to be. I'm talking about when he was in the Congress and before then, during his private life. There has been no deviation in his background and I see no deviation today. I think that Young's public position today is that we must not confuse friendship with differences on tactics and specifics. It's a mistake to consider a friend a foe simply because he disagrees with the position of Israel on tactical issues."

That view may not be popular in Jerusalem today, but Lipshutz expresses it from the heart — honestly and sincerely. □

two-day affair, took a month, with constant stops at prisons on the way, and constant beatings.

When she arrived at the Siberian village of Krivosheino, she found herself in a hostel with 60 male criminals, ex-convicts considered too dangerous to be allowed back in society, whose job was to clear the surrounding swampland. They believe she was sent to spy on them, so they break her window and scream drunken curses at her.

SENDER LEVINSON, who visited her last September, reported that she told him: "They have tried to get into my room. I keep a knife under my pillow. I don't think I could get them. But I keep it for myself, just in case..."

She is allowed one visitor every month or two. The trip is long and dangerous, and those who come, to bring her food and comfort, know what they are risking. She continues to write to other prisoners, but, for a year, she had refused to accept any mail from abroad, even from her husband.

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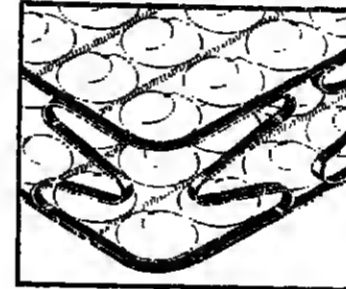
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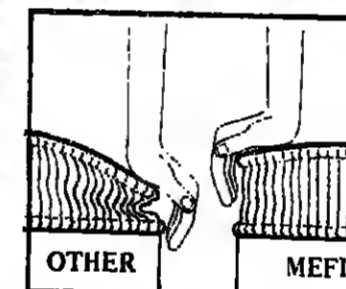
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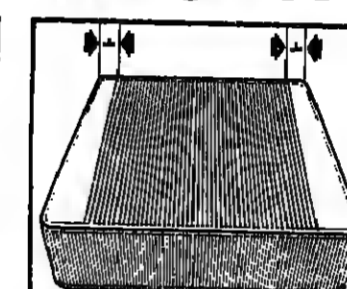
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There was a similarly distasteful and personally painful incident a few months ago, when

came that her father had been murdered there, in a single day, by the Nazis.

Ida and Elena were not yet 10 when their father, an officer in the Soviet army, was killed in the battle of Stalingrad. Their mother found work as a kindergarten teacher; this meant that the girls had no luxuries. "But we had whatever we needed," says Elena, a year younger than Ida. "We were like twins. We studied together, sewed our own clothes, cut each other's hair, shared our books, thoughts, pleasures."

Their mother, by a curious twist of fate, died just two days before the birth of Ya'acov, Elena's son, now a trapping lad of 16 who plans to be a zoologist.

During this infamous Doctors' Trial, Ida was the only Jew in her university class, and she was looked upon with suspicion. "In Russia," recalls Elena, "you always know you're a Jew. They don't let you forget it." Ida began to wonder why she was different, what made being a Jew special. She began to read about Judaism and Israel.

"When we left for Israel," Elena says, "Ida knew she was in trouble, because the KGB always harasses those left behind. She lost her job and took anything she could get, working as a charwoman, a maid and a nanny."

Elena showed me family pictures. The Ida Nudel of earlier days had a huge smile, long pigtails and laughing eyes. She loved to ski, skate, climb mountains and hike with friends. There were always young lads about, but she had no time for marriage. She wanted to study.

"I was with her one day when she sent cables to Brezhnev, President Ford and the head of the KGB on behalf of another prisoner, who was warned that, if he didn't renounce his Zionist sympathies, he would be put with a group of criminal homosexuals."

Vitahak Elikin, a lawyer and activist through whom Ida befriended Anatoly Shcharansky, described her life: "She had no phone, no car, and very little money, and she gave what she had to help the prisoners. In Russia, people can do simply vanish into thin air. Ida would find them and bring their plight to the attention of the outside world. She kept a card file on every prisoner, listing his condition, his birthday, his family. She would go to the prisons and sit for days outside until she made someone listen."

Why did she do it? "How can you explain a hero?" he replied.

THOSE WHO know her best are Elena and Arleh Fridman, her sister, and brother-in-law, whose non-working hours are totally devoted to getting Ida to Israel. Arleh, an agronomist, who was a specialist at a research institute near Moscow, now works as a quality inspector for Tnuva dairies, "because research means a commitment of 24 hours a day, and I need my mind free in off-duty hours to work for Ida."

Her ordeal has been there. Their visas came through in 1972.



would be arrested, or I would get a visa."

As her activities increased, this small, frail, middle-aged woman was constantly shadowed, bugged, interrogated, beaten and starved. In a diary, she described a day in jail after a demonstration: "My back hurts from lying on the bare boards. My arms hurt from the blows. I have no blanket and I'm shivering. I seem to be in a cellar. I think it must be day, but I have been given no water or food."

On June 1, 1976, International Child's Day, a group of Russian Jewish women planned a quiet demonstration with their children to demand their visas. The KGB found out and clapped a curfew on all the women involved, including

and doubts. But we have to continue."

Lipshutz cannot foresee Carter's dropping out of the race, no matter how low the president's popularity sinks in the polls. "I think that will simply make him more determined than ever to run," he said.

Lipshutz, however, will not take an official job in the campaign, although he will support Carter. He is confident that once the Republicans select their candidate and the public will have a chance to size up the two men, a majority of Americans "and a majority of the Jewish community" will vote for Carter.

two-day affair, took a month, with constant stops at prisons on the way, and constant beatings.

When she arrived at the Siberian village of Krivosheino, she found herself in a hostel with 60 male criminals, ex-convicts considered too dangerous to be allowed back in society, whose job was to clear the surrounding swampland. They believe she was sent to spy on them, so they break her window and scream drunken curses at her.

SENDER LEVINSON, who visited her last September, reported that she told him: "They have tried to get into my room. I keep a knife under my pillow. I don't think I could get them. But I keep it for myself, just in case..."

She is allowed one visitor every month or two. The trip is long and dangerous, and those who come, to bring her food and comfort, know what they are risking. She continues to write to other prisoners, but, for a year, she had refused to accept any mail from abroad, even from her sister.

"She has no other way to protest," Elena grieves. "If she goes on a hunger strike, she will simply die. This is her way of saying, don't write to me, write to Brezhnev, to Carter, to Soviet ambassadors, to congressmen, to anyone who can help free us."

A film smuggled out of Siberia depicts her physical surroundings: she has a 12-square-metre room; the toilet is a cesspool; the temperature reaches 60 below zero; the water supply is full of rust; there is one washroom in the hostel, with several broken washstands and drunks' vomit on the floor; the village shop sells stale bread and a few tinned items — it gets milk once a week.

Elena and Arleh have heard reports that she is very ill, but it is not clear if she is in hospital or even if she is getting any medical care.

"We no longer know exactly where she is. Every day may be her last. We are desperate, because she cannot survive another Siberian winter," says Arleh.

Various groups are trying to raise money to supplement the Elders' meagre savings so that Elena can go abroad to plead her sister's case and arouse the conscience of the world to save her life.

"She gave all she had to help us," said the former prisoners in Ra'anana that evening. "We loved her like children. Now she needs our help. She has lived only for her people. It cannot be that her people will not help her now."

Ida's own words, spoken in that smuggled film, perhaps best sum up this unique woman: "I am fortunate because I add a page to the history of Jewish resistance, because my efforts have helped thousands of Jews to leave this barbarous country, because I have helped Prisoners of Zion to keep spirit and survive in the hell which you cannot imagine. I know I must pay for this fortune in full. No matter how I am tormented, how weak I am, how lonely or senseless my present life, I do not regret or renounce any of my actions."

But if our suffering will not force, every one of you to rush to help us, then it is in vain. We believe our suffering is not for nothing, and this belief saves us from despair. I believe that some day I will walk up the steps of an El Al airplane, and my suffering and my tears will remain in my memory only, and my heart will be full of triumph. God grant that it will happen soon."

broken the window. They brought a tractor to the street to cover the sound of her shouting for a visa, and then accused her of not letting the tractor operator work in peace.

On June 21, they arrested her for "vandalism and malicious hoollganism." No witnesses were allowed to testify in her defence and no friends were allowed in the courtroom. During the trial, she threw this lie in the faces of her persecutors: she was being arrested, not for helping prisoners, but for helping prisoners.

She was sentenced to four years of exile in the Siberian wasteland. She was shipped there in a cattle train, jammed in with other criminals, who beat her and broke her glasses. The trip, normally

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# Exploiting an angel

The screen of security and the milling crowds blocked all attempts to interview Farrah Fawcett during her visit here this week. But Post reporter CATHERINE ROSENHEIMER was able to register some observations about the way the TV star-model was mobbed and merchandised.



(Top row) Farrah and 'friend'; lucky autograph hunter. (Above) Security men protect Farrah; curator Maro Sheps, at left, shows his guest around Tel Aviv Museum. (Millman)

THE BIGGEST and toughest of Farrah Fawcett's four local professional bodyguards who has plenty of experience in protecting visiting VIPs, was agitated at the "uncultured lack of manners" of the Israeli public, who stampeded the Hollywood star at every turn. The president of the Diamond Exchange, Moshe Schnitzer, was appalled by the behaviour of Bourse members, who almost crushed her to death the moment she set foot inside the building. The Shekem department store in Rehov Ibn Gvirol is still showing signs of the damage caused when Farrah visited their cosmetics department on Sunday: crowds jumped onto glass counter-tops, ruining merchandise and even cash registers, and she had to be smuggled out in the goods lift, through the service entrance.

Shai Mayer, managing director of Shalom Towers, learnt from his competitors' experience and when Farrah visited his store the following day, he had 50 of the store's own security personnel on hand, reinforced by police, and wisely decided not to let her loose among the crowds in the shop itself, but took her instead on a conducted tour of the Shalom Tower Wax Museum and Observatory.

"She loved the museum," he said, "and seemed very interested in the tableaux depicting the history of the State. She recognized the model of Topol, but we had to explain who Eilohmann was."

THE MANAGER of the Tel Aviv Sheraton Hotel, where Farrah and her entourage stayed, reported that security was no special problem.

"We're used to visiting celebrities, and had a far harder time with Starkey, who had to be smuggled out through the kitchen and whisked off in a curtained car." Nonetheless, even at the cocktail party given for Farrah at the hotel, where guests were a supposedly well brought-up assortment of mainly middle-aged cosmetics retailers, local celebrities and press, she was mobbed by crowds of autograph hunters who forced her into a corner of the room and ignored all requests to leave her alone.

A few minutes later, pale and with her head bent, she was virtually frogmarched out of the room, surrounded by a human wall of bodyguards. But when frantic security men started searching under the tables, we realized that it wasn't the important guests she was being protected from: it turned out that there had been a false bomb scare, prompted by an anonymous phone call.

I was with Farrah's party when she was greeted by an ecstatic crowd in the Yeminite Quarter as she emerged from a restaurant, when her host was Mayor Shlomo Lahat. She was literally poked up by her bodyguards and deposited in the waiting bus, while the crowd

almost broke the windows as they jumped on parked cars to get a glimpse of her.

Since the security services of the State of Israel are eminently capable of protecting personalities even more eminent than Mies Fawcett from swarming crowds, one can only hazard a guess that the sponsor of her visit, the Fabergé cosmetics company, had done everything in their power to stir up as much feverish excitement around her as possible. They were obviously delighted with the pictorial coverage she was given in the local press.

Had they allowed her a few quiet interviews with journalists, or even sat her on a platform for an organized press conference or public appearance, things could have been conducted in a more dignified manner. But after all, the company have signed her up to the tune of \$1m. a year to promote their shampoo, and they obviously wanted to get every cent's worth out of the contract.

And it was evident from the moment the actress stepped off the plane at Ben-Gurion airport last Friday that Fabergé president George Berrie intended to do all this talking — he even jokingly announced himself as "Farrah's ventriloquist," and proceeded to behave as ringmaster of a one-gilded-hurd-in-a-odge circus throughout the week.

Did she provoke the same hysteria wherever she went? We

asked Mies Fawcett in one of the rare moments when she was not surrounded by bodyguards and Fabergé executives. Yes, indeed, replied Mr. Berrie on her behalf, adding that his company was extremely happy with the results of the promotion she was doing for them.

"Unlike other companies, all the celebrities we sign up — they include Margeux Hemingway and Cery Grant — really do use and endorse our products." On that score Farrah was no doubt a very shrewd choice — she does, she says, wash her hair every single day, at least once if not twice.

WHEN FARRAH FAWCETT opted out of the *Charlie's Angels* TV series, the Hollywood gossip columnists went to town, condemning her bitterly. The dispute, it seems, was over her salary, a mere \$8,000 a week. After a threatened breach of contract suit by the producers, a compromise was reached whereby she is now committed to making three guest appearances a year on the show as "fourth angel." Financially, she has obviously taken a great step forward, especially since her \$1m. contract with Fabergé demands about 80 days of her time per year. She has made two films since she gave up being an "angel": *Somebody Killed her Husband* and *Sunburn* and a third, *Captain III*, with Kirk Douglas, will be released later this year. But, though she may have a

three-year contract in her pocket, worth \$1m. annually, she has yet to make it as a big-time movie star.

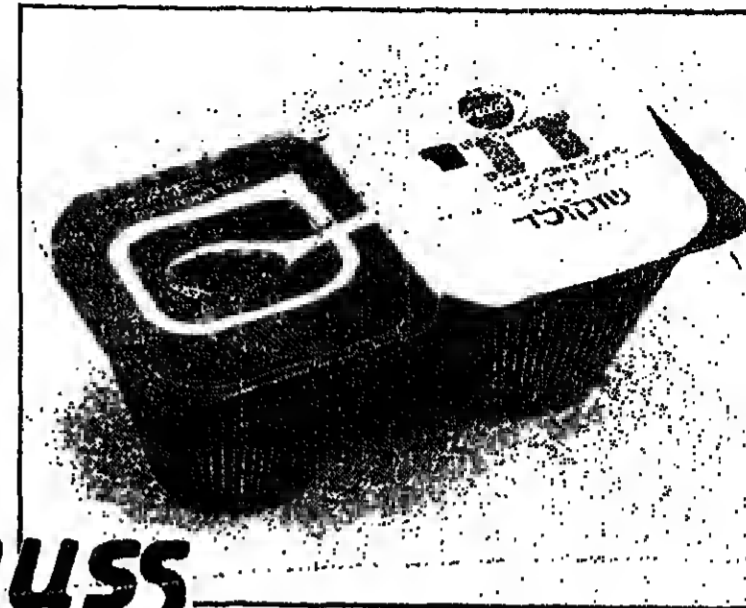
Anyone who saw her around the streets of Tel Aviv, Jerusalem or Eilat this past week will doubtless agree that she is every bit as stunning in real life as on celluloid: she moves with tremendous grace, has a beautiful complexion (and wears virtually no make-up), lovely dark eyes and a brilliant smile, which she flashes frequently. Her hair is a fabulous, gleaming tawny mass.

I wish I could have asked her whether she really enjoys being a walking shampoo advertisement, heavily guarded, paraded as a living doll, mobbed and eddled wherever she goes. I did manage to ask her what she does when she wants to get away from everything and have a real break.

"The only place I can do that is at home — I have a beautiful house at the top of Beil Akh, with my own squash court and a lovely garden."

One of the things she is having a break from there at present is marriage, for she recently separated, on a trial basis, from her husband, Lee Majors, better known as Steve Austin, TV's *Six Million Dollar Man*.

Personally, after spending a day touring Tel Aviv in her police-escorted minibus, I felt very lucky to be able to walk along the streets on my own, and have no one take a blind bit of notes....



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# POST PULLOUT GUIDE

## The Poster

### THEATRE

All programmes are in Hebrew unless otherwise stated. Written and directed by and with Nika Nital. (To'aron Bayit, 26 Zohariah, tonight)

**Jerusalem**  
**LUCK, AMULETS AND THE EVIL EYE** — The Yuval Theatre's new play about the beliefs, customs and superstitions of Israel's distant communities. (Beit Ha'am, 11 Bezael, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

**SREWING ISN'T EVERYTHING** — Dahn Ben Amos reads excerpts from his novel. (Khan, opposite railway station, tomorrow at 8 p.m.)

**THE SERMON** — Based on a story by Heim Hana. (Tsavta, 25 King George, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

**Tel Aviv**  
**BI-CYCLE FOR A YEAR** — Poorly done documentary about the Haifa Theatre's Project Group that went to Kiryat Shmona to help the community. Directed by Nola Chilton, who also initiated the Project. (Tsavta, 80 Ibn Gvrol, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

**CHAPTER II** — By Neil Simon. Cameri Theatre production. (Cameri, 101 Disengoff, tomorrow, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday)

**DEATH OF A SALESMAN** — The Cameri's production of Arthur Miller's play. (Cameri, Wednesday and Thursday)

**THE FALL** — By Alberi Camus. Translated and directed by Nika Nital. (Beit Hoven, Disengoff St., tomorrow)

**A FAMILY AFFAIR** — Lilaoh Theatre production. (Nahmani, 17 Nahmani, tomorrow and Tuesday at 8 p.m.)

**I SLAUGHTERED MY AUNT** — Based on Cabaret Song by Frank Wedekind. (Little Teva, Sunday at 11 p.m.; Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday at 10.30 p.m.)

**LS. DIONYSOS** — The title is a combination of LSD and Dionysos, the mythological god of wine. The play is about intoxication — the pushing, shouting contemporary Israeli kind.

**LUCK, AMULETS AND THE EVIL EYE** — Givataim, Shavit, tonight at 8.30 p.m.; Yagur, Yad Lebanim, Wednesday at 9 p.m.; Beit Shean, Kimron, Thursday at 8 p.m.)

**THE SUBJECT WAS ROSES** — by Frank Givroy. (Beerehoba, tomorrow, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday)

**REMEMBERED HEADLINES** — Cameri Theatre production. By Ruth Ziv-Eyal. Stage design by Aviehal Eyei. Play with movement and sound but no words. (Tel Aviv Museum, Wednesday and Thursday)

**TIE RUBBER MERCHANTS** — All about rubber contraceptives. A lot of offbeat schoolboy humour interspersed with a bit of good comedy. (Tsavta, Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

**Other Towns**  
**DEAR LIAR** — By Jerome Killy. Based on the letters of George Bernard Shaw and Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Produced by the Beersheba Theatre. (Nelaya, tomorrow)

**A FAMILY AFFAIR** — (Beit Shomesh, Community Centre, Sunday and Monday at 8.30 p.m.; Eilat, Eilat Theatre, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

**THE KILLING OF SISTER GEORGE** — By Frank Marcus. (Beersheba, Thursday)

**LUCK, AMULETS AND THE EVIL EYE** — Givataim, Shavit, tonight at 8.30 p.m.; Yagur, Yad Lebanim, Wednesday at 9 p.m.; Beit Shean, Kimron, Thursday at 8 p.m.)

**THE SUBJECT WAS ROSES** — by Frank Givroy. (Beerehoba, tomorrow, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday)

### ENTERTAINMENT

**Jerusalem**  
**THE BEST OF SHALOM ALEICHEM** — Starring the famous Yiddish writer, performed by Helga Bernard and Michael Schneider. In English. (King David Hotel, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.; Hilton, Thursday at 9 p.m.). Show at Hilton includes free drink and "Songs of the Ghetto" with Gladys and Danny

**JAZZ** — with Israel's top jazz musicians (Tsavta, 25 King George, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

**JUDGE BOY REAN** — Film (1972) directed by John Huston. (Jerusalem Theatre, today at 2.30)

**KNIFE IN THE WATER** — Film (1962) directed by Roman Polanski. (Israel Museum, Tuesday at 8 and 8.30 p.m.)

**MAMIGO** — Latin American music played on authentic instruments. (Tsavta, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

**RENZO PANEU** — (Tsavta, tonight at 8)

**WHY ISRAEL?** — Highly acclaimed film about Israel directed by Claude Lemanan. (Israel Museum, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

**Tel Aviv**  
**DAVID BROZA** — (Little Teva, 80 Ibn Gvrol, tomorrow at midnight)

**GAZOS** — (Beit Arlosoroff, 6 Ballinson, tomorrow at 8 p.m.)

**HADASHASH HANIVER** — (Beit Mahayal, Weizmann and Pinkus, Sunday at 3 p.m.)

**IN A PANIC** — (Beit Arlosoroff, Tuesday at 8 p.m.)

**LIFE IS NO HONEYMOON** — With Oadi Yagur and Hanna Laslow. (Beit Mahayal, Tuesday at 9 p.m., Chel, 5 Ballinson, Thursday at 8 p.m.)

**SHILOH GRONICH** — (Bat Dor Theatre, 80 Ibn Gvrol, tomorrow at 8.30 and 10.30 p.m.)

**YONATAN OFFEN AND ASTAR SHAMIR** — (Tsavta, tonight at 8.30 and midnight)

**ZVKA PIK** — (Beit Mahayal, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

**Hadashash Haniver** — (Kiryat Yam, Nitzan, tonight at 8.30 p.m.; Yavne, Her, Tuesday at 8 p.m.; Netanya, Sharon, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

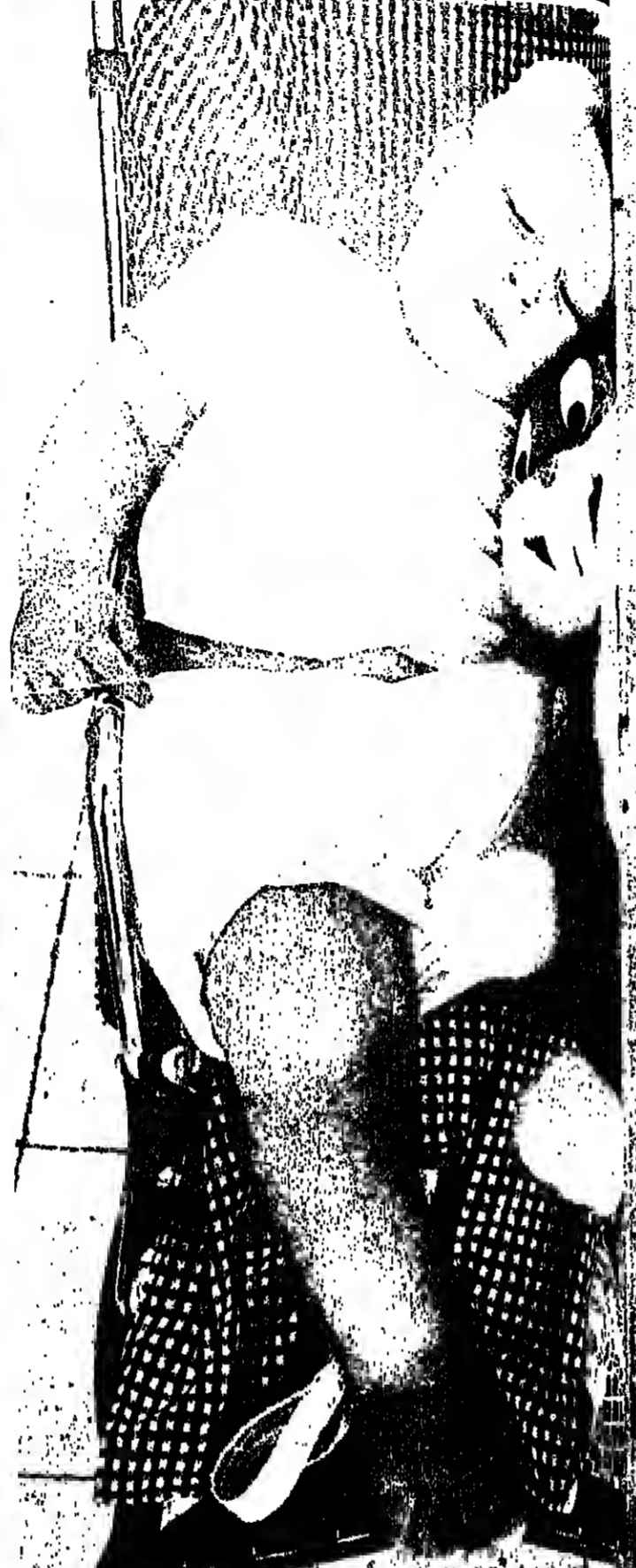
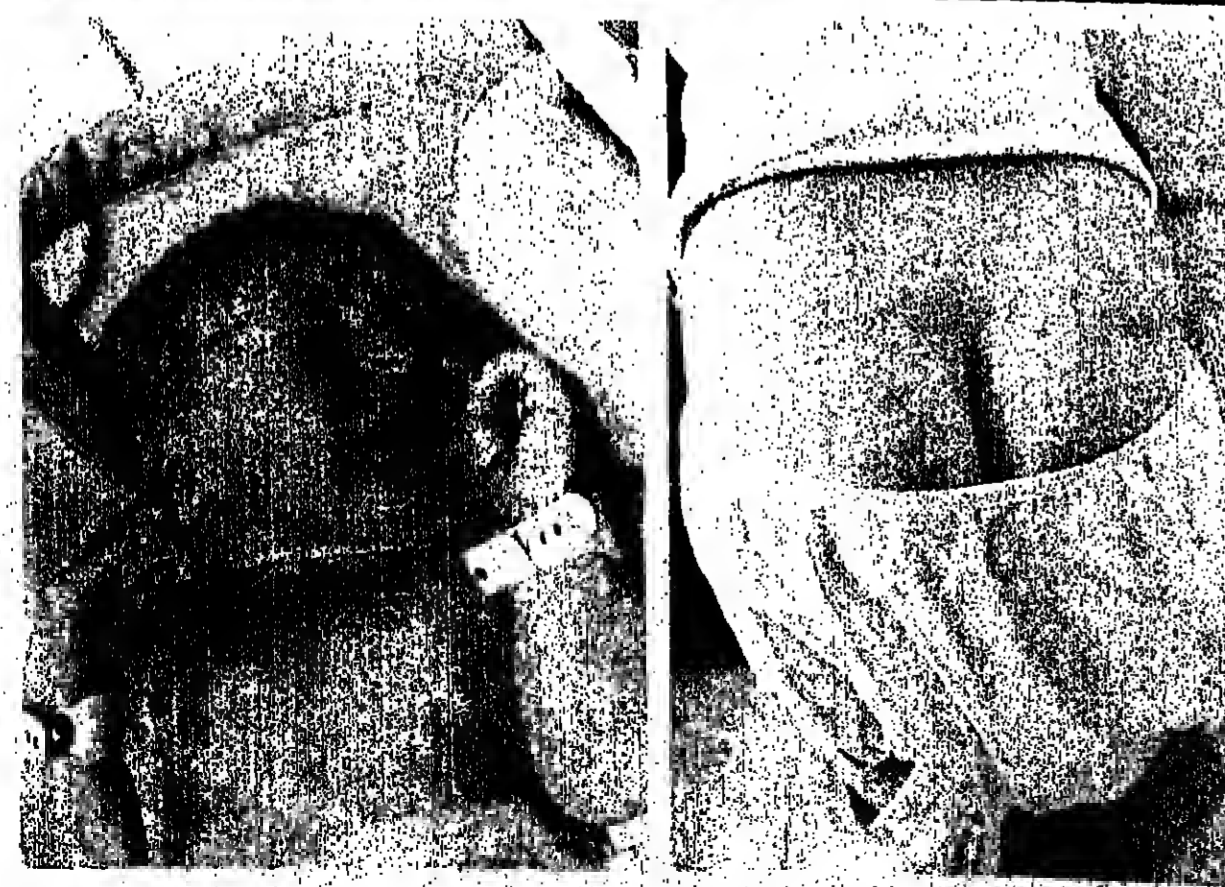
**IN A PANIC** — (Hadera, Hof, tonight at 8.30; Rehovot, Beit Ha'am, Wednesday at 8 p.m.)

**LIFE IS NO HONEYMOON** — (Kiryat Haim, Beit Ha'am, tonight at 10)

**TZIL MECHUNAN GROUP** — (Rishon LeZion, tonight at 10.15; Avihai, Beit Hagudolim, tomorrow at 8 p.m.; Beit Shoa, Kimron, Monday at 8.15 p.m.)

**ZVIRA PIK** — (Kiryat Shalom, Savyon, tonight at 8.30; Petah Tikva, Holchal, Monday at 8 p.m.)

For last minute changes in times of performances, or where times are not available, please contact Box Office.



# SHOOT THE BABY

PHOTOGRAPHER Lester J. Millman has just completed a year-long special assignment: recording on film all the memorable moments throughout his first child's first year.

Millman urges other new parents to do the same, and adds the following advice:

"Parents, shoot your baby every day and in every situation. Start shooting when the wife is still pregnant (to show baby later where he came from) and just keep on clicking, right through the delivery room, the arrival at home, feeding time, the first trip to the shoe store — everything! And get plenty of close-ups of hands and feet, as these proportions change almost daily.

"Any camera will do, but remember that the best is the simplest, because you're taking a lot of hurried snapshots. Most of your pictures will be indoors, so be sure to have your flash equipment. You'll need a flash for baby in the bath, even for baby sitting on his back to a bright window. Indoors, of course, you can baby in the shade, with light provided by the reflection off white buildings. Use "soft" light and avoid shadows on baby's tender skin.

"Test your camera and equipment with the kind of subjects you choose to use, and you choose to use, and everything ready for arrival. Remember that special moments will quickly — so shoot, shoot, shoot."



Renzo Panuel, performing on home-made instruments, sings Italian and Israeli songs at Jerusalem's Tsavta, tonight.

### MUSIC

**Jerusalem**  
**SEVENTH INTERNATIONAL HARP CONTEST** — At the YMCA Auditorium. Second round: Sunday, 10 a.m. - 1 p.m.; 8-10.30 p.m.; Monday, 10 a.m. 1 p.m., 4-8 p.m.; Third round: Wednesday, 10 a.m. - 3 p.m.; 8-10 p.m. Final Concert, Jerusalem Theatre, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

**CHAMBER CONCERT** — Ronnie Elgud, conductor; Ofra Albuheir, mandolin; Abraham

**Other Towns**  
**KIBUTZ CHAMBER ORCHESTRA** — Noam Sheriff, conductor. Works by Mozart and Haydn. (Beit Alpha, tonight)

### FOR CHILDREN

**CARTON FESTIVAL** — (Jerusalem) Israel Museum, Thursday at 3.30 p.m.)

**KIBIKASHTA** — Play for children. (Kiryat Shalom, Kiryat Shalom, Thursday at 4.30 p.m.)

### DANCE

**PICCOLI BALLET** — Peter and the Wolf (Jerusalem Theatre, Tuesday at 4 p.m.)

### FILMS IN BRIEF

**AGATHA** — Second-rate thriller which tries to explain the mysterious disappearance of whodunit writer Agatha Christie, missing for eleven days in 1928. Excellent performances by Vanessa Redgrave and Dudley Hoffman, but the plot pales when compared to Mrs. Christie's craft.

**AUTUMN SONATA** — In a film too melodramatically similar to his earlier work, Bergman explores a mother-daughter love-hate relationship by pitting Ingrid Bergman against Liv Ullmann in a scathing all-night orgy of accusations, recriminations and guilt. Not up to the level of his earlier films, this one should nevertheless be seen and endured, if necessary.

**THE CONCORDE AFFAIR (AIRPORT 1978-80)** — The third in the "Airport" series of air-borne catastrophes. James Franciscus and Michael Farmer star in a story that really doesn't hold together too well but which does offer adequate action for those who want to confirm their fear of flying, or butts of catastrophe films.

**DAY OF HEAVEN** — Director Mallek offers a surfeit of visual splendour as he recreates early 1900s rural America. Primarily a morality tale, the cinematography steals the show, and the leading effect is sensory, not emotional. Don't miss it.

**THE DEER HUNTER** — Without broaching the question of America's moral right to be in Vietnam, this is an epic war film which tells the story of three steelworking buddies, who are indelibly scarred by the Vietnam war. Winner of five Oscars, this three-hour film should not be missed.

**A DIFFERENT STORY** — Homosexuals and a meek homosexual girl. They become companions at first, then friends and finally lovers. Homosexual boy and girl now become straight boy and girl and the tale is one that is no longer different at all.

**THE DOG** — A Sicilian dog, a brutish dictator and a chaste through Latin-American jungle make for a bloody film with law redeeming qualities.

**CONJUNO HOME** — Sally Hyde volunteers to work in a hospital for war wounded, during her husband's term in Vietnam. Among the paraplegic victims is an old school chum Luke Martin. He is angry, broken and bitter. As Sally's commitment and compassion grow, so does Luke's love for her. A moving film which, without battle scenes or politics, condemns war and questions the meaning of manhood. Exceptionally fine film.

**DRIVER** — Ryan O'Neal as a talented getaway driver and Bruce Dern as The Detective dedicated to catching him give us an hour and a half of fantastic chase and stunt scenes. Though the cops and robbers, and the boy and girl scenes are unimpressive, the chase and stunts are extraordinary.

**ESCAPE TO ATHENS** — With a cast featuring Roger Moore, Telly Savalas, David Niven, Stefania Powers, Claudia Cardinale, Richard Roundtree, Sonny Bono and Elliot Gould it is difficult to imagine how this black humour comedy about World War II could go wrong. But it does.

**FOUL PLAY** — Delightful film starring Goldie Hawn, Chevy Chase and Burgess Meredith. Pope John XIII has come to San Francisco and there is a plot to assassinate him. Suspenseful moments with orange looking people and very funny moments with others not so strange looking combine to produce a delightful evening of entertainment.

**GIRL FRIENDS** — This is not a woman's consciousness-raising session in disguise, but a film about an intelligent and sensitive young woman struggling to be a photographer in New York City. Never strikes a false note.

**GREASE** — Musical recreating the rock'n'roll era of the '50s. Stars John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John.











ELYAKIM SHAUFEL of the Israeli team made a brilliant play to bring home a six diamond contract against France in their match at the European Bridge Championships.

# The best alternative

Both Vul:

**NORTH**  
♠ 10 5 2  
♥ 8 7 5  
♦ K J  
♣ 9 8 7

**South**  
♠ 4  
♥ Q 10  
♦ Q 7 4 2  
♣ 7 4 2

**WEST**  
♠ 9 8 5  
♥ A K 2  
♦ A C B  
♣ A K 10

The bidding:  
**WEST** 3NT  
**EAST** 4NT  
**SOUTH** 6NT

The opening lead was the diamond 10. What line of play would you follow, after winning the diamond ace, on which East drops the jack?

There are three likely possibilities:  
1. Play a diamond to the king, and subsequently hope for success with the club finesse — a 50 per cent chance.  
2. Cash the ace and king of clubs, hoping for the queen to fall — a 34 per cent chance. And if the queen does not fall, play a ruffing finesse of clubs to establish two discards of clubs on a spade end heart — an additional 50 per cent chance.  
3. The best alternative is played by Shaufel. After winning with the diamond ace, win in turn the spade ace, three top hearts, (discarding a club), ruff a spade, the club ace, and ruff another spade. Now a diamond to North's kind end-play North, forcing him to give declarer a finesse in clubs or concede a ruff and discard.

THE ISRAELI team was the victim of sacrifice slam bidding in their

**BRIDGE**  
George Levinrew



match against Netherlands at the European Bridge Championships.  
E - W Vul:

**NORTH**  
♠ 10 5 2  
♥ 8 7 5  
♦ K J  
♣ 9 8 7

**WEST**  
♠ 9 8 5  
♥ A K 2  
♦ A C B  
♣ A K 10

**EAST (D)**  
♠ 4  
♥ Q 10  
♦ Q 7 4 2  
♣ 7 4 2

**SOUTH**  
♠ 4  
♥ Q 10  
♦ Q 7 4 2  
♣ 7 4 2

The bidding with Israel East - West:  
**EAST** 3NT  
**SOUTH** 4NT  
**WEST** 6NT  
**NORTH** 6NT

**RESULTS**  
TEL AVIV, August Tournament, four sessions, scores in match points, average 1245  
1. Elcanti - Kozlin 1518  
2. Mrs. Zuzman - Grinberg 1485  
3. Shefi - Yukowicz 1481

Tel Aviv duplicates games are now played on Tuesdays and Thursdays at Asia House, 4 Rishon Walemann.

## September at the Cinematheques



John Wayne and Maureen O'Hara in "The Quiet Man."

### FILMS / Ruth Ariella Brody

THE JERUSALEM, Tel Aviv, and Haifa cinematheques are all featuring John Wayne films this month, as well as movies by the late Italian director Michelangelo Antonioni. The Jerusalem Cinematheque will also screen 12 "police detective" films by French "New Wave" director Claude Chabrol, while Tel Aviv will devote time to films dealing with the Vietnam war and Halifa Wertzmueller.

Wayne, who died in June at the age of 72, had a Hollywood career that spanned 50 years and earned him producers over \$400m. His fans like to point out that he has been a box-office draw for over 20 years — regardless of the story or who the director was. Wayne always seemed to play the same role, a towering figure in red bandanna, talking the bad guys with courage, courtesy, a slow draw and a powerful swagger.

On screen and off, John "The Duke" Wayne represented the values that Americans have always held dear: decency, honesty, pride, and honour. A flag-waving American and vociferous anti-communist, Wayne was a staunch defender of America's role in the Vietnam war, even when it wasn't popular to be pro-American.

The proof of his durability, both as a Hollywood idol and as an individual, can be found in the films he made which continue to find enthusiastic audiences of all ages around the globe.

Films included in the John Wayne retrospective: *Fort Apache* (1949); directed by John Ford; co-starring Henry Fonda; late Italian director Michelangelo Antonioni. *The Quiet Man* (1952); directed by John Ford; co-starring Maureen O'Hara; *How the West was Won* (1962); directed by Ford, Henry Hathaway, George Marshall; co-starring Henry Fonda; *War Wagon* (1967); directed by Burt Kennedy; co-starring Kirk Douglas; *The Cowboys* (1971); directed by Mark Rydell; *Rooster Cogburn* (1975); directed by Stuart Millar; co-starring Katherine Hepburn).

ANTONIONI, the cerebral director, who is credited with fashioning a cinema of the inner monologue, was a latecomer to films, directing his first feature when he was 38. His early films were not singled out as great works.

Booed and hissed at the 1960 Cannes Film Festival by an audience that didn't have the patience to decipher it, *L'Avventura* was nevertheless responsible for launching Antonioni's international reputation.

The film was the first in a trilogy about the idle rich. According to film critic Andrew Sarris, "The unique aesthetic developed by Antonioni has led him to abandon the lower and middle classes in which lives are constricted by necessity and to concentrate on the idle rich who have the time to torture each other."

Sarris also points out that *L'Avventura* and *La Notte* derive "their maddening rhythm from the idea that the duration of time drains away human emotions." The distinctive visual shape of his films is based on "the suggestion that spatial forms create psychological barriers," Sarris writes.

Antonioni's camera, as well as his lack of dialogue, and his languid, real-time sequences, also disturbed audiences. But it was his intention to do so.

He also became noted for his two-shots, in which his characters never look at each other, underlining the scope of their alienation.

Nature, too, is a full-bodied character in Antonioni's films, rather than just a backdrop for his story. In his trilogy and most notably his first colour film, *Red Desert*, the industrial landscape plays a major role in the scenario.

His most popular film is probably *Blow-Up* (1966), the most accessible and least abstract of his works. Like *Red Desert*, *Blow-Up* tries to make a clear differentiation between objective reality and the hero's failure to maintain his grasp of it.

The Antonioni films being shown: *Cronica di un Amore* (1960); *L'Avventura* (1960); starring Monica Vitti; *La Notte* (1961); with Marcello Mastroianni and Jeanne Moreau; *L'Eclisse* (1962); with Monica Vitti and Alain Delon; *Deserto Rosso* (1964); with Monica Vitti and Richard Harris; *Zabriskia Point* (1970); *The Passenger* (1975); with Jack Nicholson and Maria Schneider).

CLAUDE CHABROL's fluctuating fortunes over the last 20 years have not worried his loyal fans around the world. They still await each new Chabrol film with eager anticipation.

Chabrol has persistently explored only one genre — films of suspense. He is considered a master of suspense, in the Hitchcock tradition, but he differs from Hitchcock in several important respects.

While the tension between the pursued and the pursuer is central to Hitchcock films, it is not the basis of Chabrol films — in fact, he often deliberately ignores it. Most of Hitchcock's characters are innocent, but with Chabrol everyone is always guilty.

"Chabrol's people suffer psychological guilt even when the law overlooks their transgression," writes critic James Monaco.

Chabrol concentrates on the psychological pauses between violence, rather than on violence itself. All his films are tongue-in-cheek studies of middle-class aggression, which he has fashioned into his own personal cinema with the help of his faithful leading lady Stephane Audran (who in private life is his wife).

Certainly one of the most prolific of the New Wave directors, Chabrol has also been a kind of financial angel to his friends, helping them to produce their films with his family's private assets. His comrades-in-celastudio, Goddard, Truffaut, Rohmer, and Rivette, who together with Chabrol launched the New Wave of French cinema in the 60s, benefited from his munificence.

These are the scheduled Chabrol films: *Le Beau Serge* (1959); *Les Cousins* (1960); *Le Double Jeu* (1969); *Les Bonnes Femmes* (1960); *La Femme Infidèle* (1969); *Les Biches* (1969); *Que la Belle Meure* (1969); *Le Boucher* (1969); *La Rupture* (1970); *La Decade Prodigieuse* (1971); *Nada* (1974); *Violette Nozire* (1979). □

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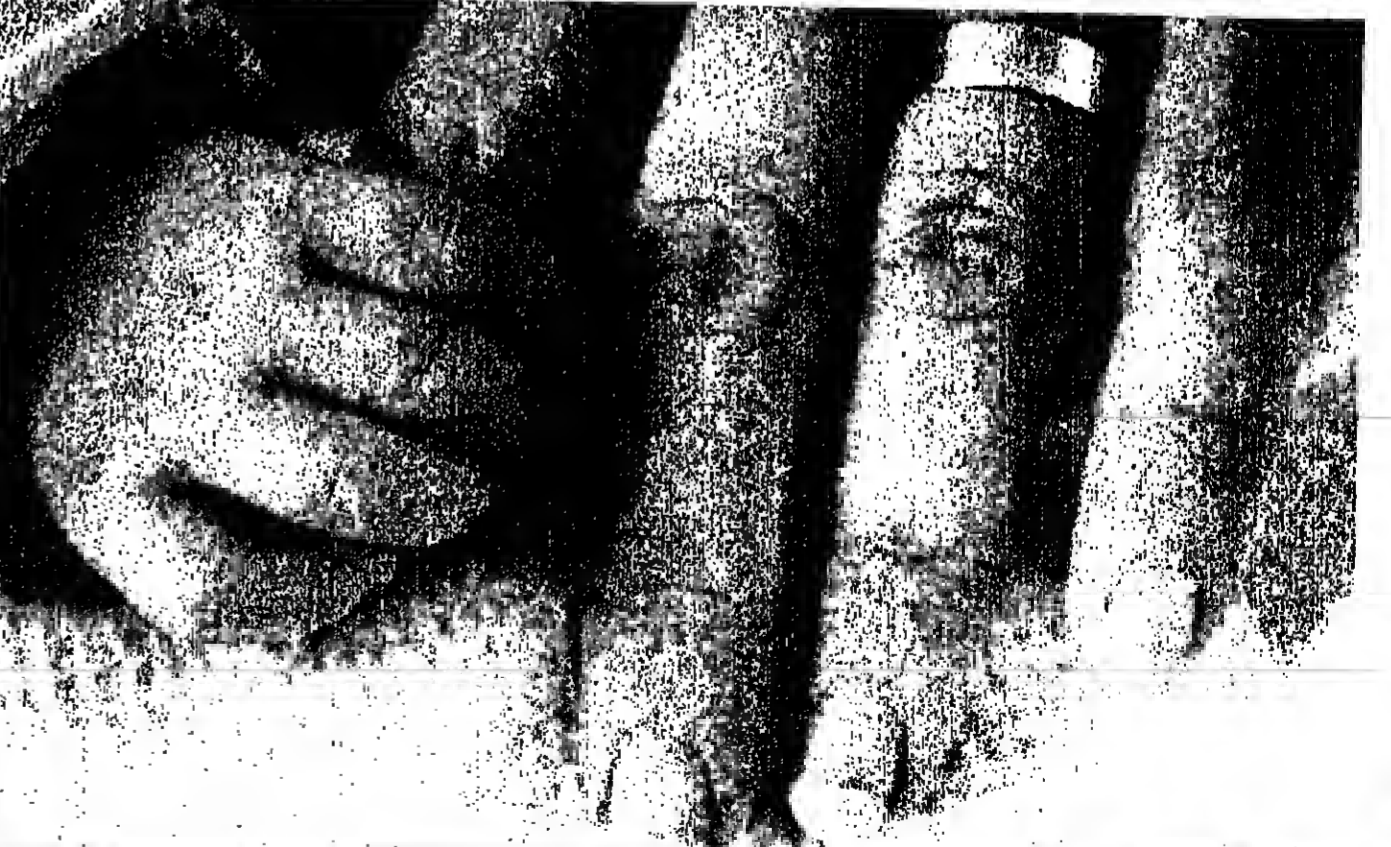
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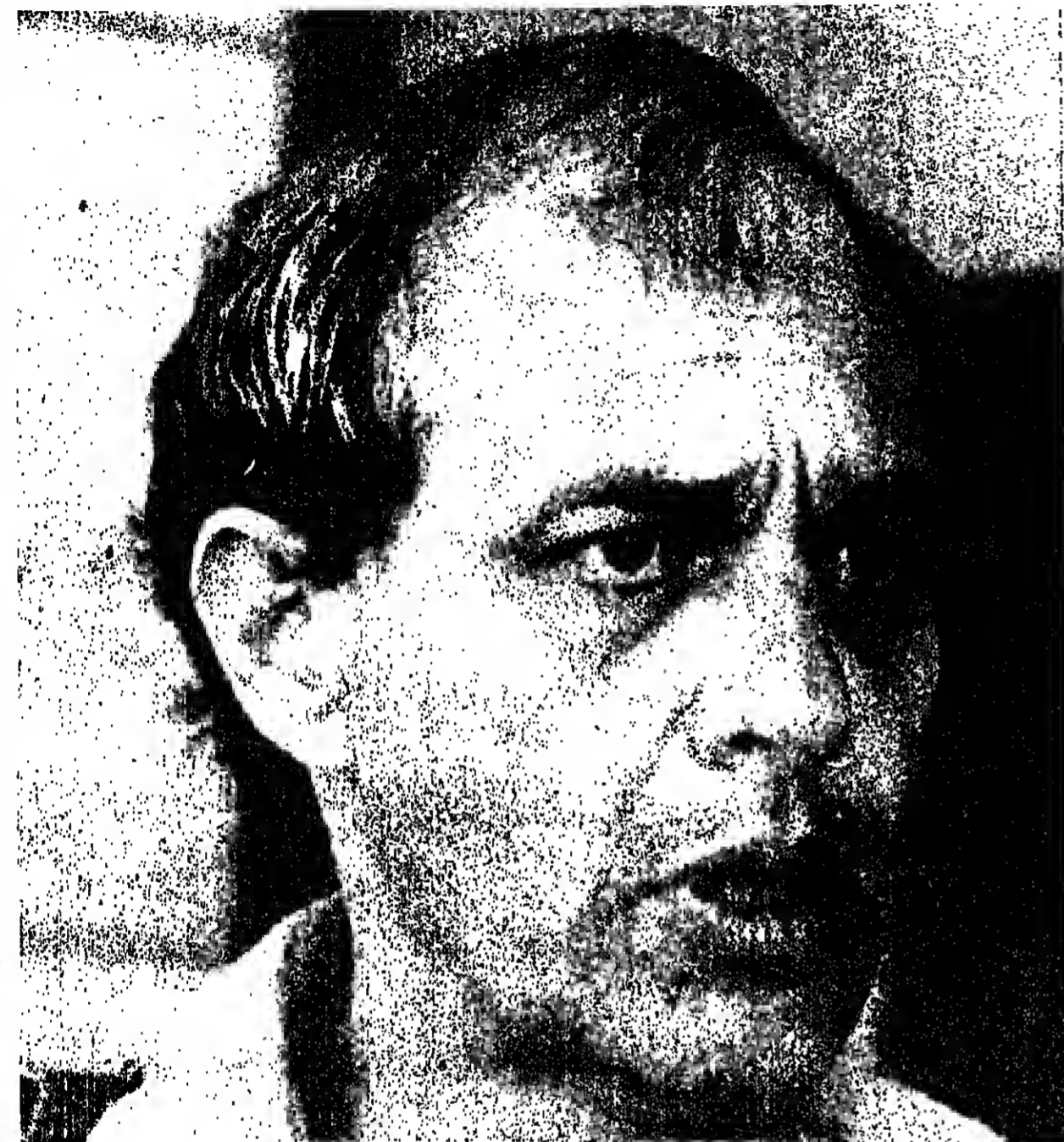
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# True believer

Hugh Nissenson's writing is noted for its cool understatement. That's why S.T. MERAVALI was somewhat surprised when, in an interview last week, the American author embarked on a long and impassioned discourse about the Jewish influences in his work.



(Richard Charbit)

IT IS remarkable when you think about it: the post-war generation has seen an explosion in American Jewish writing — American writers who dare to write Jewish. This is due in no small measure to the very fact of the Jewish State. And yet, with the exception of Meyer Levin, who for years has lived in Israel as much as he has in the U.S., this country has made a lasting impact on the work of only one American Jewish writer: Hugh Nissenson.

Nissenson is the author of two collections of short stories (*A File of Stones* and *In the Reign of Peace*), a memoir of his visits to Kibbutz Maayan Baruch (*Notes from the Frontier*), and most recently a novel whose ambitions belie its brevity, *My Own Ground*. His stories and articles appear regularly in *The New Yorker*, *Commentary*, *Harper's*, *Esquire*. Virtually all of his writing deals with Jewishness — and much of it with Israel.

Nissenson was in Israel last week for what must have been his 12th visit, and over lunch I asked him why Israel has figured so prominently in his fiction, while it has not in that of his colleagues.

This single question opened a floodgate of passionate prose which was unexpected from a writer noted for cool understatement and a severely spare style.

"I won't speak about other Jewish writers," he begins, "but the simple fact is that I, as a Jew, live in history. The agony of my people puts me in history. I was born in New York in 1933, almost at the exact moment that Hitler came to power. And though I didn't have a religious upbringing — I was sent to an Ethical Culture school — in my earliest memories I have an intense feeling of Jewishness.

"I KNOW I got that from my parents. My father — he's marvellous. I remember we were shaving — you know how a father lathers up a child's face with Norema and gives him an empty razor. And we were talking about the situation in Europe. This was some time before the war. And he said straight out that the Jews were going to be murdered. And I asked him: 'What about the children?' And he said: 'The children, too.' That man knew. And I knew.

"And when I first saw that picture — you know, the famous photograph of the little Warsaw Ghetto boy with his hands raised — when I saw that picture, I knew it was me."

That sounds like a conceit out of Frederic Raphael's *The Giffering Prizes*, but there's no time to interject, nor any point in it; as Nissenson rushes on.

"I mean it," he says. "I grew up ashamed of being Jewish, ashamed of having that Jew-as-victim role thrust on me. And then the miracle — Israel was re-born and my honour was restored. My wound was healed. Israel saw to it that I didn't have to be that little ghetto boy any longer."

That was hardly the end of it. Nor the sole beginning.

"It was also the first books I ever read. My father gave me a book of Bible stories. Those people, those heroes, they just overwhelmed me. Jews — doing such stupendous things. And my mother gave me a volume of mythology — a child's version of world myth. The figures there weren't my people. I know that — but something struck my imagination: the recurrence in so many civilizations of the myth of the dying god. Pagan gods could die! And I could see that Jewish

mythology was beyond that. We were unique — we had a God who wouldn't die.

"There was also the myth of the rebirth, of course, and it wasn't long before I saw that fabulous resurrection being demonstrated by the Jewish people. The Jewish state was a mythic rebirth, out of the agony of the Holocaust. And if I had identified myself with that agony, I could now glory in the rebirth.

"Now, as a writer, I try to dramatize these things, which are fairly complex intellectual matters. But that's always been my objective — to make the reader feel these things that I feel.

"Does that answer your question?"

**QUESTION?** I had to struggle to remember what my question was. In all this time lunch had been served and was growing cold. I flipped back through my notebook to find out what I'd asked him. Ah. But surely most American Jews had felt some measure of pride with the birth of Israel in 1948. Why is Hugh Nissenson the only American Jewish writer who still shows the impact of Israel in his work 31 years later?

"What can I say? There's something in the capacity of my imagination — the artistic imagination — that makes me respond to things as powerfully as I did as a child. I admit it — my emotions today are as overwhelming as they were when I was a boy.

"I'd always wanted to come here, and when the first chance came I jumped at it. I left a job at *The New York Times* for a writing assignment that took me to Israel. I stayed much longer than I'd intended. That was in 1967. Later I returned to cover the Eichmann trial for *Commentary*. What a shattering experience. Then there's my long connection with Maayan Baruch. Those kibbutzniks are such incredible people — really among the dearest people I've ever loved."

Nissenson jabs his fork at me instead of at his sirlin. "And let's face it, Israel is simply a miraculous enterprise. Where else in the world today do you see a nation with such purpose, such energy, such endeavour? Where else in the entire world? Just look at the things this country has done!"

I stare back into his utterly sincere and liquid brown eyes and

I want to say, But that's the view from Over There. We're really mean, petty, materialistic!

"Oh, I know," he says, reading me well. "I know about the mismanaged economy and the bureaucracy and the corruption. But I never understand these people who demand perfection from Israel. It's been — what, a single generation, and people expect philosopher-kings! My God, I forget that, and look what the country has done.

"It came out of the ashes, it rehabilitated its people, it revived the Hebrew language, it created a defence force — and let's face it, it's about the best army in the world — and it has survived. Just considering the odds, the tremendous pressures and animosities — and yet Israel is a place where Jews can live decently and independently and with a sense of deserved pride.

"I mean, anyone who looks at history has to see that it's a slaughterhouse. And it was the Jews who were forever getting it in the neck. And yet these Jews dragged themselves out of that slaughterhouse and recreated life

for themselves. The fantasy of redemption sustained them for 2,000 years — now there's the reality of Israel. What sentient human being wouldn't be impressed by that?"

DAMN, but he's right! Maybe one has to get away from the pettiness to see how good we are.

Which brings up another question, as indelicate as it is inevitable.

"Why don't I live here? Canada once said that his country was French — not France, but French, the language. My country is American English. I found I have to be engulfed in the rhythms and flow and inflections of American English — otherwise I can't survive. I know I could never master Hebrew sufficiently — I can get by in simple, dolly things — but I know I couldn't aspire to the kind of artistic expression I aspire to in my American English."

Nissenson acknowledges the elegant and persuasive argument put forward by his *Commentary* colleague Hillel Halkin, which says that the Diaspora and any investment in it is doomed. "And yet," he says, "in the meanwhile I think it's essential to maintain the dialogue between Israel and the Diaspora. I know that sounds like a cliché, but I see Israel and American Jewry diverging daily. Someone has to maintain the link. We've got to promote the re-fundation of ideas."

Nissenson notes too the artistic link he has felt — ever since he was a precocious reader and aspiring poet of 13 — with the masters of world literature, such as Malraux, Mann, Eliot and Dostoevsky. His own writing is notable for a super-refined, almost minimalist style reminiscent of the best of Ernest Hemingway and Graham Greene. He readily acknowledges those influences, adding:

"True, I'm a taker-outer, not a putter-inner. I think it's partly because today we're so bombarded by information that in order to make sense of things we have to select and pare down to the bone. Also it's something I've learned from music — how the silences are as significant as the notes. I always tell the reader less than he wants to know. I don't write for a passive audience. I want to engage his mind, so that he works with me, so that I have — well, a thinking reader."

HUGH NISSENSON is not only a taker-outer, but a taker of risks. For example, he not only writes about Israel, but often from the first-person point of view of a ghetto of 19th century Europe. And in his novel, he even had the *chutzpa* to assume the character of a 15-year-old lad in the Lower East Side of New York in 1912.

At least one critic has faulted Nissenson for this, saying he found the "nostalgia-by-proxy" flavour distasteful. "Another reviewer said the secular American's projection into Jewish realms 'smooches of proxy'."

The writer himself makes apologies. "Any true artist takes a risk, and each time I take something new, I try to expand my imagination. Each book is a step. I think it's in the nature of life to be that way. And frankly, I got the courage to write and take risks from the example of Israel. Because of Israel I've never been ashamed of the word 'take risks' in Israel, and he expects to be back here for an extended stay while he writes it. □

What about his last book, *Own Ground*, which was narrated

by that boy on the Lower East Side?

"In that novel I was really making right my father's childhood," he says, allowing his first smile of the afternoon. "It's very much my father's story. The agony and the glory of being Jewish at that time and in that place — that's what inspired me to do such a book."

The novel is certainly not another one of those romanticized views of American Jewish immigrants. It has considerable anguish and violence, and as it takes place almost entirely at night, it is "lit" in a grim chiaroscuro of grays and blacks, reminiscent of the film *Hester Street*. (Nissenson says he consciously "lights" his scenes, a literary-cinematic technique he learned from Malraux.)

*Hester Street*, pleasing as it was, had a Jewish character that was little more than celluloid deep. *My Own Ground* is underpinned by a rich web of Jewish myth, history and symbolism, sweeping from the Jacob-Esau dichotomy to Kabbalistic spellings with the Yin and Yang of good and evil.

Coupled with this is a continual parade of imaginatively selected details, in which gas lamps and glasses of tea take on iconic value. All of this makes the book as compelling as those written by Jews who were "really there" — Abraham Cahan and Mike Gold, for example.

"Of course I visited the Lower East Side a few times," Nissenson says. "And I did my reading. But after a while I became so absorbed by my own imagination that the specific details simply presented themselves."

HE MAINTAINS that something stellar is happening with the novel he is currently writing, *Cat in Tree of Life*, his latest risk is a fictionalized journal of a Protestant mystic who lived in the Ohio wilderness in 1811, a penitent in sackcloth and bare feet named John Chapman. That's right — Johnny Appleseed.

"The world of course knows only the Walt Disney caricature with the sycamore on his head. But Chapman really existed, and he fascinates me. I'm interested in all religions, particularly their mystical aspects, and I've done some stories before dealing with Christianity. It's that death and resurrection idea again that in-

I want to ask him about his short story "Grace," which has Kabbalistic echoes in a Quaker setting, but he rushes on:

"There's also that Jewish thread in elemental American Israel. He's also set stories in Protestantism which has long interested me, both in its literary and mystical expressions. At my first time I'm going to deal with all this in a full-length book.

"And it's proving quite an experience. I've spent a lot of time in the Ohio woodlands with my wife and children. I'm pretty accomplished at throwing a tomahawk and firing a flintlock. I say I'm even capable of building a log cabin."

Here he laughs. "Cynthia Ozok read some of my material and said: 'You know what you're doing? Hugh? This pioneering spirit, the rifles, the frontier — we're back on that border kibbutz again!'"

He admits the truth of this observation, and says that after the Chapman book he plans to do one called *The Binding*. It will take place in Israel, and he expects to be back here for an extended stay while he writes it. □

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1979

## Cheer up a sour lemon

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This is a free testimonial. I went to Sunny Boy in Kfar Saba, feeling a little cynical. You know how it is: a friend tells you to go and try it, it's great. And you say to your wife, let's go and see. So we went. O.K. First surprise is the place. Not one, not two, three stories and you choose where you want to eat. Up, down or middle. There's music, nothing great, but it adds a nice atmosphere. The decor is nothing to write home about, but it's spacious, there's room to spread yourself, and even with lots of people around you feel comfortable.

O.K., so far, what's the big deal? Wait, I'm just about to tell you about the food, and what they do to the fried chicken. You've heard as much as I have about Colonel's and Kentucky's. Let me try and capture Sunny Boy's fried chicken, and put it down on paper for you. O.K., so you get those big portions of chicken laid out in front of you. Naturally, with chips and salad. And they're good. The chips are crisp, and when you bite them, they bite back. The salad is fresh, with their own home-made dressing. And when you pop a piece into your mouth, your hand automatically reaches down to pick up another. But that's not the main thing.

The chicken... I amatarani! Soft, at first encounter with the palate. It meets the tongue with a surprise... you expected more crispness, and it is crisp. But they've marinated it in a secret mix beforehand, so it combines a tenderness and crispness I've never had the pleasure of knowing before. So I bite in deep. This is chicken? Simple chicken? Mom never made me something like this! I turn the piece around in my mouth. Juicy. Delicately. Another piece. My fork races down, up, in, shovels forward, and down for me. I look across at my wife. Her mouth full, she grins at me, and carries on wolfing down her portion. O.K., I could fill the page but you begin to get the idea. Somebody here knows how to make fried chicken better than anyone else in Israel. The hell with that! Better than anyone else anywhere I've ever been. So, I order a second portion. I'll be sorry afterwards because the first portion was good enough for a normal human being. And more. But I love this, I love it, I see people around me, enjoying it as I am. Many are orthodox because it is completely kosher. They're happy. I'm happy. Sunny Boy in Kfar Saba is worth travelling to for this. You know what, I tell the owners, this is so great I'll write you a testimonial for free. And maybe you'll give me another meal free. They do. I eat it, and then I decide I'll come back again and again even if I have to pay for it. Kuf haevod Sunny Boy, you're doing something right. And the more people that hear about it, the more they'll come. Every evening. You'll see me there probably. The guy broking smug because he was one of the first to discover the place. The one with his mouth full.

Issy Bluch  
Herziya  
Bluch



TESTIMONIAL

**Sunny Boy**  
KOSHER  
87 AMERICAN FRIED CHICKEN  
WEITZMAN ST. KFAR SABA



## Dollies for sale



Hidaki Fujiki: photograph (White Gallery, Tel Aviv).

### Gil Goldfine

AS A FINAL bow to the outdoor summer festival conducted at Museum Ha'aretz, a photographic exhibit of Norwegian churches has been mounted at the Museum of Ethnography and Folklore. The pictures represent rare and important wooden structures from the Norwegian countryside that were built as early as the 12th or 13th century and are still being used today. It has been estimated that there were 1300 churches in Norway in 1300, two-thirds of which were constructed of wood, and built by local villagers.



Norwegian church: photograph (Museum Ha'aretz, Ramat Aviv).

From Norwegian churches in Ramat Aviv one might want to take the "polar route" down Ibn Gvrol to the White Gallery where prints by two Japanese photographers are being shown. HIDEKI FUJIKI is a first class fashion photographer. His colour pictures are beautifully framed and exquisitely printed. Oriental delliberatense le mirrored in his demure, yet exciting, models. On the other hand MASA AKI MAKAGAWA works in black and white and investigates the female form in portraiture and narrative form. In both cases Makagawa's prints are laced with overtones of a sordid experience. His women are portrayed as "dollies" for sale or as mannequins partially obstructed by screens, silks or household objects.

At the 13<sup>1/2</sup> Gallery in Jaffe Michal Gadtel shows a group of watercolours that are not only eclectic in style but technically seem to borrow ideas from half a dozen local painters. His work is characterized by a dull cloud cover of unexciting colours, impersonal subjects and poor drawing. □

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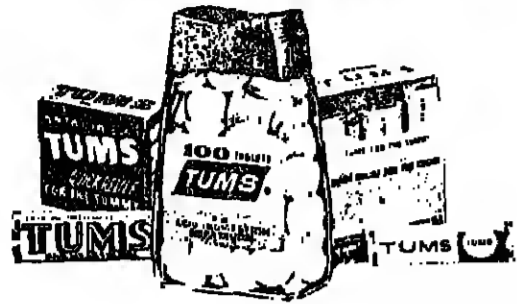
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## Israel Theatres

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## Blarney

SUNDAY PUNCH by Edwin Newman. Boston, Houghton Mifflin, 279 pp., \$9.95.

S.T. Meravi

AFTER a quarter-century of interpreting political baloney, corporate blarney and sociological blather for television audiences, Edwin Newman finally blew the whistle on the deterioration of current English in two recent bestsellers, *Strictly Speaking* and *A Civil Tongue*.

What saved these books from being merely a pedant's pot-pourri of pet peeves was Newman's grand sense of humour. This came as no surprise to NBC watchers, who have long acknowledged Edwin Newman as sharper than Gene Sahlit and more twinkly than David Brinkley.

Humour is also what rescued Newman's first novel. As a story *Sunday Punch* is as thin as his hero, a gangly asparagus spear of a British boxer named Aubrey Philpott-Grimes. As a narrator, the novice Newman telegraphs each turn of the plot with the fatal effect that an amateur prizefighter signals his next blow. Only the jokes keep us going through the linal round.

Briefly — no more than it deserves — the tale is about this knobby-kneed pugilist, a kind of Gawky answer to Rocky. Aubrey's arms are not much thicker than a Bic, but by virtue of their tremendous reach, he outpoints his opponents and becomes a contender for the U.S. middleweight crown.

Between bouts we meet Aubrey's manager Fogbound Franklin; his English bird Doreen; the American TV actress Fredda Plantagenet, who takes him under both wings; the moffoso Frankie Barbetti, who wants to buy a piece of the action; and a gaggle of others, including Joe Mercer, Newman's newsmannarrator.

ALL THESE cartoon characters manfully put shoulder to the wheel to help the ox-cart of the plot up the hill. They don't help much, but they do mouth all the bright one-liners that Newman places on their palates — in fact this is chiefly why Newman invented them.

Not surprisingly, almost all the laughs are based on the misuse of language. The worst of them derive from differences in British and American English and should hardly cause a twitter on either side of the Atlantic. Newman is more on target with plain butchery of language. Fogbound, for example, talks of Aubrey's "photogenic memory," speaks of an old-time boxing champ as a "former immortal," and confuses hermeneutics with the boxing promoter Herman Noodnick.

In another instance, a young lady explains: "I am interested in fighting. I'm interested in it as a phenomenon that will one day vanish. Experience of higher dimensionality will lead us to more positive social interactions. Y'know? I want to dialogue with Mr. Philpott-Grimes about that."

A thousand one-liners will not make a novel, but enough good ones are gathered under one cover to make the book worth reading. You won't care one whit about Gawky and his friends — but you'll be chuckling too much to care about caring. □

## Lady Marjorie's table

SOME PEOPLE BUY cookbooks to read them, others to cook from them.

With the *Upstairs Downstairs Cookery Book*, it is possible to read about such dishes as Riz de Veau Gladstone (with a veal kidney, mushrooms, maderia and a truffe) and, while your mouth is still watering, to prepare dishes like Cottage Pie. According to the introduction, the book is a selection of recipes from a book published by K. Bridges in 1905, of which only one copy has remained.

Be that as it may, the recipes that are not too expensive seem to be easy to make. Most readers will not doubt concentrate on the Downstairs end of the culinary scale, if only because their hearts and pocketbooks won't take the kind of punishment that Upstairs eating demands.

If anyone is wondering what has become of the great-grandchildren of the Bellamys and their peers, you may get a glimpse of their kind of life in *The Ballymaloe Cookbook*. The ancestral home has become a fun and great-granddaughter is in the kitchen, cooking for the German tourists, or at least directing the kitchen help.

As it happens, Ballymaloe is in County Cork and Mrs. Allen serves her guests fresh home-grown meat and vegetables, and seafood caught nearby. Reading her book may not help you to get fresher vegetables, but it will at least make your mouth water.

Meanwhile, a rather different type of cuisine is that based upon the food which our own great-grandmothers cooked in Eastern and Central Europe and in the Middle East. As one might expect, Evelyn Rose is more conversant with this Eastern European branch of the family and slightly more influenced by British cuisine.

Quantities are given in ounces (and grams) and there are recipes for Yorkshire pudding as well as stuffed hotsel. A nice feature is a section on food for parties and large gatherings.

FOR A MORE "English" English cookbook, *A Taste of England* takes us on a restaurant and pub tour of the Isles with recipes as well as thumbnail descriptions of the eating places. Frankly,

## Jill Tweedie's boudoir

IN THE NAME OF LOVE by Jill Tweedie. London, Jonathan Cape, 196 pp. £4.95.

Lesley Hazelton

STRIENT accounts of her "doll's" existence in her first two marriages, Tweedie rants at the male domination of love and marriage.

I CAN understand her anger. The problem is that raw anger is rarely convincing. To make it so requires an extraordinary talent; and though Tweedie is talented, this book displays her limits. What is clearly emotional trauma comes over as hysterical and haokneyed.

The anger might seam in place were the argumentation solid. But it is merely specious. Tweedie's attempts to establish the roots of love in animal mothering-nurturing relationships lead her into one of the silliest accounts of evolution I have ever seen. "Love had its primeval origins in the need to diversity in order to survive. Me Terzan, you Jane, united we stand." Edgar Rice Burroughs must be oringing in his grave.

Moreover, I have no intention of comparing my sex life to that of Bengalese finches, whose mating habits Tweedie finds particularly relevant to the human condition.

## Jill Tweedie's boudoir

OTHER glimmers of Tweedie's common-sense can be found. For instance: "In order to give and get the best of love, no individual must make it the centre of life. Love is not the only thing that matters at all — at its finest it is a by-product, a side-effect, a spin-off. Like the gold at the end of the rainbow, it cannot be found by looking for it, but can be tripped over on the journey to somewhere else, and wonderfully illuminate that journey."

Yet even this is curiously romantic phrasing for a writer declaredly in search of a rational definition of healthy, caring, independent love. If Tweedie wants to go beyond romance, she needs to think more stringently than this.

Perhaps Tweedie has simply not read enough of American writing in the field in the past decade. Har "Select Bibliography" does not even include psychiatrist Rollo May's classic *Love and Will*. In England, this book may present many new ideas. But in the context of Israel, where we are far more open to American ideas and literature than the insular British, a lot of what Tweedie writes seems self-evident.

And that makes for boring reading. □

## Decline

THE GREAT AMERICAN NEWSPAPER: The Rise and Fall of the Village Voice by Keith McAuillife. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 466 pp. \$14.05.

David J. Schrieberg

IN 1955, two men, neither of whom knew the first thing about running a newspaper, founded the *Village Voice* in New York City's Greenwich Village. Publisher Edwin Fancher was a psychologist and editor Dan Wolf freely admitted that he "didn't know what the hell an editor was supposed to do."

From the outset, Wolf declared that his only editorial policy would be "to give voice to all the many divergent factors, pressure groups, attitudes, and conflicting personalities of the Village." The happy result was a weekly pastiche of unedited articles; the *Voice* became a forum for some of the best writers of the coming decades, filling the gap between the established proponents of traditional values on one side, and the weary, liberal intellectual journals on the other.

Writers like Norman Mailer, Paul Goodman, Jane Kramer, and Michael Harrington used the paper as a soapbox to characterize the free-for-all of the late '50s, the '60s, and the early '70s. With its ever-changing stable of foul-mouthed, eccentric, and politically disparate writers, the *Voice* set the newspaper establishment on its ear by altering all the traditional formulas for success. Originally the bastard of legitimate newspapers, it became the model for counter-culture papers everywhere. By 1967 it was the nation's best-selling weekly newspaper.

TRACING THE VOICE'S record through each year of its existence, McAuillife weaves together events with excerpts from the paper's coverage of them. However, he devotes too many pages detailing stories that appeared in the *Voice*, linking them to their writers and the many various controversies that surrounded them. He is best at characterizing the early years, when it was at its peak of creative vitality. As the '60s witnessed the ascension of American counter-culture, the *Voice* became a spokesman and critic of the new order, with all its confusion, diversity, and hypocrisy.

McAuillife follows the *Voice* from one owner to another, and gets bogged down in notes of clandestine meetings, nasty business deals, and tales of backstabbing. Despite his penchant for detail, however, he does convey the pathos behind the disheartening decline of America's once unique journalistic institution.

With Wolf's editorial non-guidance, the *Voice* captured an era as no other publication had before it. He insisted on the writers' freedom to write as they chose, and coaxed them into producing their best work. Under publisher Clay Felker, the *Voice* degenerated into an extension of his hip, vacuous New York *Magazine*. Felker's worst crime was that he removed the paper from the hands of the writers and thus robbed it of all that made it special and exciting. He told them what to write and how to write it. The paper was acquired in 1976 by Australian magnate Rupert Murdoch, emperor of a string of *National Enquirer*-type rags. □

## Mrs. Bridges' Upstairs Downstairs Cookery Book

MRS. BRIDGES' UPSTAIRS DOWNSTAIRS COOKERY BOOK by Adrien Bailey (ed.). London, Sphere Books Ltd. 192 pp. 90 p.

THE COMPLETE INTERNATIONAL JEWISH COOKBOOK by Evelyn Rose. London, Pan, 486 pp. £1.90

A TASTE OF ENGLAND by Joey Argy and Wendy Rhodes. London, Sphere Books Ltd., 280 pp. £1.25.

THE BALLYMALOE COOKBOOK by Myrtle Allen. Dublin, Agri-Books, 176 pp. \$4.95.

THE INTERNATIONAL DRINKERS' COMPANION by Bob Bennett (ed.). London, Magnum Books, 462 pp. £1.50.

## Jill Tweedie's boudoir

She is rather unclear, though, as to exactly what this relevance is. Apparently realizing that it is rather a large biological jump from birds to humans, she attempts that jump by writing: "Here, the plot thickens almost to impenetrability" (p. 69). Tweedie does not manage to penetrate it.

The book is full of such phraseology. Again and again, there is fudging in the form of "It seems clear that" or "Presumably" or "much the same as."

Sometimes, the thinking deteriorates to the level of "Love is a Warm Puppy." On page 87 love turns out to be "something warm and soft in time of trouble," a kind of security blanket. But there are still occasional nuggets of what one would expect from Tweedie. Her attack on "the bar-my acceptance by many women and even some militant feminists that the qualities men have described as 'female' through the centuries are essentially correct" is devastating.

These women, "confident of their special emotional powers, retire into corners to play the tarot cards or throw yarrow sticks or do the *I Ching*, counting these games a part of women's wisdom that has been 'negated' by cool masculina minds... Men it was, of course, who invented the tarot pack, the yarrow sticks and the *I*

## Lady Marjorie's table

THE COMPLETE CHINESE COOKBOOK by Kenneth Lo. London, Fontana, 288 pp. £1.50.

THE BALLYMALOE COOKBOOK by Myrtle Allen. Dublin, Agri-Books, 176 pp. \$4.95.

THE INTERNATIONAL DRINKERS' COMPANION by Bob Bennett (ed.). London, Magnum Books, 462 pp. £1.50.

I HAVEN'T counted the actual hours I spent trudging through Tel Aviv streets in the August heat with my two older daughters. In search of the books they would require for the new school year, one in the sixth grade the other in the fourth. But I do know that after three grueling days in five different shops, I was nearly IL1,000 poorer, not to mention nearly a couple of hundred pounds more for notebooks, pencils, erasers, plastic book-covers, diaries, pencil sharpeners, etc. None of this includes books or other materials for my "baby," who started first grade this week and didn't have her book list in advance. The older girls' schoolbooks, all soft covers, are brand-new. I looked at some secondhand offerings in such bad condition that even the shopkeeper advised against them. Our soft-cover schoolbooks are simply not made to outlast a year, unless someone rebinds them.

I compared experiences with friends in other cities and towns — Jerusalem, Ra'anana, Kiryat Ono — and found much the same story: crowded shops, unavailable titles, price differentials from shop to shop (despite an officially-approved price list). Hardly any municipal authority bothers any more to supply its schools with textbooks; almost all prefer the system of issuing booklets in June and letting pupils fend for themselves on the open market. Only in some schools have enterprising parents' committees set up secondhand book fairs, or organized group purchases of new books, at savings of 10 to 30 per cent.

THE ONLY major exception to all this is Haifa — the "workers' paradise," the "Yekke city," call it what you will. Haifa provides its pupils — kindergarten through high school — with virtually everything they need: textbooks, copybooks, art paper, crayons. Not for free, of course. The city levies what it terms a "services fee" on every pupil's family — IL272, in kindergarten, IL792 in the first to ninth grades, IL432 for senior high school. The high-school charge covers books only. In the elementary and junior-high grades, IL432 is for books, the rest for notebooks, art supplies, first aid and dental care.

Haifa Mayor Arye Gur-El is proud of his system. "It is the fairest and the most educational," he told me. It is fair because there is no problem of some pupils having new books, others shabby ones. In addition, he says, the city supplies "practically all the accessories necessary for learning" (pencils have been left to the pupils' discretion since it was found that the kids were buying better ones than were being provided for them). The system is educational because it teaches a respect for books and, presumably, a more sparing use of other school supplies.

As for the fees the parents are charged, Mayor Gur-El says that his city actually takes less than the maximum the Education Ministry budget permits, and supplements it from its own budget. For needy families, there are discounts and sometimes even direct help. "Collection is never 100 per cent," the mayor says, but it is considered satisfactory.

It was last year that the municipality handed over the task of collecting the fees to a private agency, which charges 2½ per cent for the service. Parents can pay through their banks or by other convenient means. The rest of the job of purchasing and dis-



9a.m. to 1p.m., tel. 283240 and 2940501. And complaints of overcharging can, of course, be lodged at any Education Ministry branch anywhere in the country.

THE MAN in charge of schoolbook prices at the ministry, Avraham Liebergal, recommends collective buying by class committees, particularly in the high-school years; he says that this can result in savings of 10 to 15 per cent.

But he told me that the ministry does not advise local authorities on whether to supply books centrally or have pupils buy their own. He personally is not convinced that municipal supply is the best method, because of the administrative costs involved.

A note of my own, based on long experience as treasurer of a school class — four years, because nobody else would take on the job. It is extremely hard to get parents to volunteer for anything demanding responsibility, particularly when it involves handling money. It's one thing to find parents to paint tables or accompany a class on an outing; but I don't have high hopes of parents being able to organize voluntary groups for purchasing books collectively.

A SMALLER matter of consumer interest in the back-to-school line was brought to my attention by my daughters, who were trying to fit last year's plastic copybook covers on this year's copybooks. They simply couldn't do it.

The new fashion in copybooks is taller and slimmer — 21cm. x 14.8 cm., instead of 20 cm. x 16 cm. This is not just a whim of the manufacturers, nor, as I first suspected, an attempt to raise profits by using a fraction less material.

The reason, I was told by the spokesman of Dafron of Ramat Gan, one of the two major manufacturers of copybooks (the other is Haman of Tel Aviv), is a change in the official standard set by the Standards Institute and Education Ministry. The purpose is to bring Israeli measurements into line with those of the European Economic Community. (Are we planning to export copybooks? Not to import them, I hope.)

Part of the logic is connected with factory-line efficiency. The new size of a copybook page is exactly half that of a standard sheet of typing paper in Europe, where they have discarded the folio and quarto sizes that are still common here. The new copybook size, in Common Market terminology, is A-5.

The number of pages to copybooks is also to change soon. The 12 pager, common in the lower grades, will become 16 pages, and there will be some other changes as well.

Meanwhile, the standard 40-page copybook remains 40 pages. Only the price has risen, to IL5.90 at present. The Dafron official could not remember how much the same copybook cost when school opened a year ago. "There have been four price rises since then," he said. "The price of paper rises every three months," he added, almost apologetically.

There are, he told me, a few stores in every major city where copybooks can be purchased in quantity at a slightly reduced price. These are in sections of town where office-supply shops are concentrated, not generally in residential neighborhoods. Again, collective purchasing for a whole class — or even a large family — will mean a saving, if it is worth the trouble. □

# Book value

tributing books is done by city employees. Pupils get their parents on time whether their parents have paid up or not.

Mrs. Tova Ben-Dov, who heads the Haifa Municipality's Education Department, told me that the city had decided to set a uniform book list of IL432 right through the system. She admits that first and second-graders are paying a bit more for books this way than if they bought them on the open market, but says that by the time pupils reach the third or fourth grade, parents are paying less than they would have to pay for the same books new.

According to figures from the Central Parents' Committee in Tel Aviv, as well as my own experience, this year's books for elementary-school pupils beyond the second grade mount up to IL500 to IL600 new, while junior-high books come to around IL1,200, and senior-high, IL1,600 or more.

UNTIL A FEW years ago, all the cities and towns provided the books for their schools. Why did they change? The head of Tel Aviv-Jaffa's Education Department, which stopped supplying books two years ago, told me that the main reason was the difficulty of collecting the fees from parents. Another reason was the saving in manpower to the municipal Education Department, which have simply handed

## MARKETING WITH MARTHA

over the task to parents, who must do it in their own time. I am a great believer in private enterprise — where it makes sense. I don't think it is really free enterprise when parents go out to buy required books for which they have to pay prices agreed between the Ministry of Education and the Publishers Association. Free enterprise implies competition.

Why should tens of thousands of parents run around purchasing individually the same textbooks that could be supplied in bulk directly from publishing houses to schools at a lower cost to all concerned? Who benefits, except perhaps the busy shopkeepers?

Why should schoolbooks be purchased new each year, and, for the most part, end up on the garbage heap after a year's use, rather than being reconditioned for further use?

Does not this annual buying system encourage teachers to change their lists of required books every year, and to request "the latest edition," when the former one would suffice quite well?

the need to update textbooks; but is it really necessary to throw out all the African geography books because Rhodesia becomes Zimbabwe? Might it not be enough to get pupils to make the necessary change in their own copies?

WHEN THE Tel Aviv-Jaffa Municipality decided two years ago to stop issuing books to schools (except in specified needy neighborhoods), the Tel Aviv central parents' committee fought the decision vigorously. It felt that distribution of books through the schools is the more equitable system, although it recognized that this has the disadvantage of requiring more administrative personnel at City Hall.

Defeated on the issue, the committee began doing the next best thing — advising parents how to buy books collectively at a discount, sometimes as much as 30 per cent, for purchases of 10 or more of the same title.

To do this successfully, however, book lists must be available to pupils before the end of the previous school year, and this is not always the case.

All shops selling textbooks are supposed to show customers the approved price list on demand, but not all of them comply. Any Tel Avivian who has a complaint of overcharging can submit it to the parents' committee at 37 Rishon Shekinin (office hours

Karlinsky

# The Weekend Dry Bones

IN RESPONSE TO THE MANY READERS WHO HAVE PESTERED US WITH "WHERE'S DOOBIE BEE?"...

## DOOBIE and the MAGIC LAMP



ANY BITES MR. PRESIDENT? (NOPE) GEORGIA PERCU! FUZZY

shelved, to raise rents and rates for its box-like houses by as much as 200 per cent to finance a major facelift. (AP)

**Killer rabbit attacks Carter**

PLAINS, Georgia (AP) — U.S. President Jimmy Carter said on Friday that he did not boat the "killer rabbit." Nor was he attacked by the bunny.

The president tried to clear the air after reports and rumors about the spic encounter between the Commander in Chief of U.S. Armed Forces and one panicky rabbit in a Georgia pond during the president's fishing trip last April.

"It was a fairly robust-looking rabbit who was swimming, apparently with no difficulty," Carter told reporters while walking through his hometown. He chased it away from his boat with a paddle after he realized the rabbit was going to attempt to

lead to "the integration of this racially-segregated nation. (Reuter, AP)

"I took the boat paddle and hit water at the rabbit and he eventually and reluctantly turned away and went to the shore. The rabbit, I don't think, was trying to attack me," he said, adding that he did not think about the incident until he landed and a Secret Service agent asked what animal tried to enter the boat.

"I said, 'It was a rabbit,'" Carter said. "Immediately all my Georgia friends said rabbits don't swim."

However, Carter said a blowup of an official White House photograph showed "it was plainly a rabbit."

**140 New York banks robbed in August**

NEW YORK (AP) — Police cars and a woman thought to be involved in one of the holdups was arrested when she returned to the bank.